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The Nation

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The Nation

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The Week

WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad. From whatever point of view the affair may be considered, nothing could have been more ill-advised than the killing of ex-Czar Nicholas. To begin with, the execution of the former Czar without trial of any kind, on vague charges of having been the object of a counter-revolutionary conspiracy, will go a long way towards discrediting the belief, which has strengthened appreciably of late, in the gradual return of Russia to law and order under the Soviets. It will be, perhaps, a mitigating circumstance if it shall appear that the Regional Council of the Ural Soviet, under whose authority the execution is reported to have been ordered, acted on its own initiative and without the knowledge or approval of the Government at Moscow. Even that, however, will only tend to confirm the suspicion that the Lenine Government has little control over the local Soviets, least of all in Siberia. Further, it is clear that the Bolsheviki, whatever the treatment which they might ultimately have accorded to Nicholas, have lost a tactical opportunity of prime importance. Had they put the former Czar on trial before a high national tribunal, exposed his career in detail, published his private papers, and dragged to light any secret treaties or state papers that still remain hidden, they would almost certainly have been able to make out a case which would have strengthened their cause in Russia, and which might have helped it before the world. By killing Nicholas first and publishing his papers afterwards, the Bolsheviki can at best appeal only to posterity. The execution will not, of course, unite Europe against Russia as the execution of Louis XVI united Europe against revolutionary France, but it may unite the Allies and the United States against the Soviets.

AFTER months of "watchful waiting" at Washington, the United States is apparently about to intervene in Russia. Precisely what form intervention is to take has not, at this writing, been divulged, but Mr. Wilson, it is said, will shortly make a statement. Press dispatches from Tokio, however, announce that the Japanese Diplomatic Council "has agreed to the American proposal for joint intervention by Japan and the United States." The inference is that the United States framed the plan, whatever it is, and that Japan has accepted it. As Japan has been for some time ready to agree to anything that President Wilson would approve, its adhesion to the plan now was a foregone conclusion. The Department of State, meantime, has observed its usual cryptic silence. As to whether or not negotiations are proceeding, it has nothing to say, but awaits an official communication from Japan. How all this mystery and evasion squares with Mr. Wilson's declarations against secret diplomacy, it would delight the heart of a mediæval casuist to determine. The plain fact is, of course, that the two things do not square. Is any one in doubt about the essential facts? Is it not true that, without a syllable from the President regarding the plan which he has been considering, an agreement of some sort has secretly been entered into with Japan, and perhaps with the Allies, for joint action in Siberia? The agreement may be good or it may be bad; that can be determined only when its terms are known. When they are known, however, there will be nothing to do but to accept them, since presumably the agreement will already be in operation. If such contravention of an announced principle is defended as an exercise of the President's war powers, it would be pertinent to note that the United States is not at war with Russia, that it has not yet recognized any existing Russian Government, and that Russia is not in alliance with the Central Powers or any of them.

IT is announced from Washington that the Government has agreed to a loan to China by American bankers, provided that China cancels all outstanding loans, and that all loans be shared by American, British, French, and Japanese bankers. While the details are not known, it is understood that something like $50,000,000 is the amount to be advanced from this country. It is also understood that our bankers in the course of the negotiations expressed their willingness to share in the loan only on condition that the Government would use its influence to insure repayment at maturity if difficulties should arise in securing payment through ordinary business channels. We trust that there will be the uttermost publicity with regard to every detail and every aspect of this important transaction. The American people are eager to be of assistance to China; they are glad to have American banking capital put at the disposal of the Chinese Government under conditions that make for the development, not the exploitation, of China, and for the maintenance of peace in the Far East. Without impugning in any particular the purposes of the distinguished group of bankers concerned or the State Department officials with whom they are dealing, the people have a right to absolutely complete knowledge of that to which our Government is pledging itself. Here, too, it is a question of open diplomacy.

THE trial of M. Malvy, begun last week before the French Senate, on charges of high treason and communication with the enemy, promises to eclipse in interest, and possibly in its political consequences, the recent trials of Duval and the editors of the *Bonnet Rouge*. M. Malvy, who held the portfolio of Minister of the Interior in the Ministries of Viviani, Briand, and Ribot, was accounted one of the most skilful and powerful politicians in France. When, however, Clemenceau attacked him on the alleged ground of having aided the "defeatist" or pacifist agitation among the troops, in the spring of 1917, and documents tending to incriminate him were produced, his trial became a foregone conclusion. The charge of high treason has, indeed, been dropped, so that the penalty of death, paid by Duval just as the Malvy trial was beginning, is not impending. The misconduct charged in the report of the special committee of investigation, however, is bad enough, extending as it does to the stirring up of disloyal agitation in industrial centres, the dissemination of "defeatist" literature,

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and a plot to blow up a warship at Toulon. That M. Malvy was able to carry on his operations for many months, meantime protecting from interference his agents against whom suspicion was directed, was due, of course, to the almost complete control, political as well as administrative, which his position as Minister of the Interior gave him over the prefects of the departments and the police. One cannot but admire the sturdy way in which France goes on with the prosecution of persons who are charged with disloyal conduct, even if, as in this instance, suspicion has long been rife.

WE have no illusions whatever as to the enormous difficulty of the task ahead of the advocates of a liberal trade policy. No week passes without bringing fresh evidence of the strengthening of protectionist ideas by the inflamed nationalism of the war. Lord Robert Cecil, in his notable speech concerning an Allied economic league, carefully removed one of its chief foundation stones by pointing out that President Wilson's demand for the removal of economic barriers does not prevent members of the league from maintaining protective tariffs against one another. But if it does not mean that, then it means precious little. The London *Nation*, in its issue of June 22, discusses all the various protectionist schemes now being hatched, lumping them under the suggestive title, "Wrecking the League." It is time for Americans to realize that if they really want a League of Nations to prevent a recurrence of the present overwhelming catastrophe, they have got to meet the conditions, and a fundamental condition is unhampered commerce within the League. If, on the other hand, we desire nothing more than a chance to loan our money in South America and the Far East and to exploit their markets, at the same time that we get the better of competitors by sharp practice through bargaining tariffs, let us cease to speak lofty words of internationalism, and let our words be like our acts, those of narrow-minded shopkeepers.

THE coal situation as a whole continues to show but slight improvement, and in regard to anthracite appears to get steadily worse. Dr. Garfield's announcement that the production of bituminous coal, for the week ending July 13, was greater by 1,479,000 tons than for the corresponding week last year will be encouraging only to those consumers who use bituminous coal exclusively, and to the far smaller number who are able to substitute bituminous for anthracite. The further announcement of an increased shipment for the same week of 48,331 cars of anthracite, as against 31,493 cars the previous week, would be more informing if the tonnage figures were also given. What everybody, including Dr. Garfield, knows by this time is that there will be an alarming shortage of anthracite for all sorts of domestic uses next winter. The Fuel Administration, meantime, has been flooding the country with appeals for economy, on the theory, apparently, that the most effective way to deal with the crisis is to use less coal. The appeals would have come with better grace if any systematic effort had been put forth to check the waste of fuel in wholly unnecessary directions, such, for example, as lighting and advertising. The main trouble, however, is not with consumers, but with the mines. Thanks in part to the piecework system which prevails in most of the coal regions, the miners as a class, in spite of patriotic exhortations, are still reported to be working fewer hours per week than are men in other essential industries, and with a correspondingly lower volume of output. Only within a few days, with the mischief already largely done, have the miners been put into a deferred class under the recent draft. Even this does not necessarily mean an increased output of coal, but only that the miners will not be drafted.

THE passage of legislation authorizing the President to take over the wire lines is a direct outgrowth of the unseemly disagreement between the Western Union and its employees, but the law reaches far beyond that quarrel. It applies not only to the Western Union, whose methods and policies have commanded by no means unqualified approval, and to the other telegraph companies, but also to the telephone lines, including those of the American Telephone Company, whose enlightened and forward-looking officials have made it in the best sense a public utility. The act also embraces the cable and radio systems. It thus completes, for the period of the war, the legal structure necessary for Federal operation of the means of interstate transportation and communication. Despite all legislative caveats, we cannot escape the question whether the utilities operated by the Government during the war shall so continue after the peace. The possible advantages and economies of Government operation are no less real than its dangers. We are at the beginning of a period of experimental testing—under extraordinary conditions, to be sure—and from every point of view we ought to insist on rigid accounting methods and careful scrutiny of results. With the Government taking the wire lines, we ought to see to it that the frankly expressed Senatorial fears of an unenlightened Post Office censorship of wire messages be not realized.

THE appeal of General Gorgas to the colleges to modify their curriculum so that their graduates may qualify for work in the Army Medical Department, the suggestion that all doctors be taken under control of the United States, and the call for 25,000 women to enroll in the United States Student Nurse Reserve are new indications of the seriousness of the health situation created for us by the war. The appeal of leaders in the nursing profession is now seconded by this call from the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defence for 25,000 women of good education, between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five, to enroll at once for training, either in the Army Nursing School or in the civilian training schools. With twenty millions starving in Russia, and with cholera and typhus threatening to overspread an exhausted world from that unhappy country, no nobler opportunity for service than this presents itself to our young women. Hospital boards and the public in turn should do their part by correcting the unfavorable conditions under which the training and work of nurses have too often in the past been carried on, and by giving to the profession the recognition and dignity due to its importance.

NO more interesting news has come out of the Northwest than the telegraphic report that the Minnesota branch of the American Federation of Labor has decided to go into active politics as a body and to affiliate itself with the much-despised and ill-treated Non-Partisan League. If this is not high treason to Samuel Gompers, then what could be? It is doing precisely what he has said should not and would not be done, and it is imitating exactly the policy of the British Labor party which has so aroused the

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ire of our labor dictator. More than that, it is in the face of the scandalously un-American treatment accorded to the Non-Partisan League, which, whatever one may think of it, has been deprived of its inalienable rights in a way to make every true American hang his head with shame. If the report is true as to the Minnesota Federation, then shall we see proved anew the old truth that lawless suppression inevitably breeds revolt. These lawless persons who in the name of loyalty presume to suppress American liberties deserve Mr. Wilson's immediate attention, for they seem bent on making the war unpopular in the Northwest.

ROOSEVELT, Taft, and Root were the outstanding figures at the State Convention last week at Saratoga of the New York Republicans, with the first named receiving a deserved tribute of profound sympathy because of the loss in France of his most promising son—two others are now on the wounded list. The collapse of the Whitman candidacy lent a touch of humor to the meeting. True, Mr. Whitman vows he will still run, but he is more than ever a pitiful figure, without anybody's real regard, and holding his own only because of the patronage of his office. As for the platform, it was the first of the Republican party utterances to come out for universal military service, besides which it recognized the fact that there will be momentous after-the-war problems to be solved, and urged prompt attention to them. In addition, it opposed permanent Government ownership of private undertakings, while favoring intervention in Russia, a national budget, and the immediate passage of the Federal amendment for woman suffrage, even calling upon the obdurate Senator Wadsworth to vote at once for the submission measure now pending in the Senate. Altogether it was the most interesting Republican platform we have had—the only one that showed some comprehension of existing conditions. But how disappointing it must be to the liberals among our allies that beyond the repeated assertions that we must conquer, not one of these party gatherings has had a word to say about our President's fourteen noble peace terms, upon the achieving of which depends more than upon anything else the real and permanent defeat of that abominable German militarism which the country is a unit in abhorring. In Paris, on the 19th of July, the Congress of the General Confederation of Labor adopted the "Wilson peace terms" by an overwhelming vote. Is the prophet to be without honor only in his own country?

WHILE the New York Republicans thus placed themselves entirely in the hands of the man they were denouncing as a party traitor only a couple of years ago, the Iowa Republicans were as hard put to it as their Connecticut brethren to find an issue. A large part of their platform was given to proclaiming their loyalty and their belief in the war. But, though they devoted hundreds of words to this and to lauding the bravery of our troops, they performed the remarkable feat of never mentioning the Commander-in-Chief! From end to end Mr. Wilson's name never appears; there is not one word of recognition of the man who put us into the war and has been bearing the brunt of the fray ever since. If this is suspending partisan politics, it is surely a different interpretation from what was in the President's mind when he uttered his now famous phrase. But the old Republican standpatters die hard, and so these narrow Iowa loyalists had to dig out of the past one of their hoary shibboleths. They solemnly resolved that at the end of the war there must be a high tariff to "stabilize" conditions and to keep out the flood of cheap goods which the cheap labor of impoverished Europe, they declare, is certain otherwise to send over to us. There was not even a differentiation between the products of our enemies and those of our allies, and this in the State of Cummins and Dolliver which gave birth to the "Iowa idea."

NOW that we are approaching July 28, the date of Austria's declaration of war on Servia in 1914, and the beginning of the Great War, those interested in the curious coincidences of history may be reminded that July has ever been a month of war, revolution, and upheaval. On July 4, 1776, our own country was born; on July 14, 1789, France began a new life for herself and inaugurated an era that transformed the world. Belgium became an independent kingdom on July 21, 1830, and Canada's Dominion Day comes on July 1. Thus four countries celebrate their natal day in July. July 12 (July 1, old style) is the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, when, in 1690, was started that unhappy feud between the Orange and the Green destined to last two hundred years—and how much longer? The July Revolution of 1830 in France swept over Europe, lighting the torch of revolt in many lands. On July 19, 1870, France made the formal declaration of war that began the Franco-Prussian War; and more than a hundred years before, in July, 1756, the Seven Years' War began, another Prussian war in which Frederick the Great made his country a European Power. In 1866 Prussia won her victory over Austria on July 3 at the Battle of Sadowa, paving the way for her leadership in Germany; and on July 1–3, 1863, was fought our battle of Gettysburg, so decisive for the Union. Now another great battle is raging, perhaps decisive for the most appalling war that has devastated Europe. Whether the red star of Mars is especially baleful in July, or whether the dog days produce a bellicose spirit is an interesting problem for psychologists of history—if such there be.

WE should like to have the reaction of Professor William Lyon Phelps to the British contention that baseball is a dangerous game. Of all faculty enthusiasts, Professor Phelps would appear to stand alone, not only in his love of baseball, but in his ability to display engaging dexterity on the diamond. Not only that; he has a pen which in the days before the war he wielded never so joyously as in narrating the salient features of the annual game between the Yale faculty and the seniors. We do not recall—to revert to the theory of the British—a casualty list of professorial athletes as among the aftermath of these yearly encounters and thus are inclined to the belief that Professor Phelps would stand stalwart in defence of the essential characteristics of the game. For our part, however, there is the thought—born not entirely of the fact that more lives annually are lost in our national pastime than in any other sport, including football—that the game is not altogether free from risk to those who play. The ball, of rock-like hardness, hurtling from pitcher to batsman, the sharp metal spikes of base-stealing runners, the headlong dash of two fielders for a fly ball, the launching of bodies into the air or along the ground—all bear an implication of danger not infrequently construed on the field into terms of actuality. But, after all, is not this element of sternness an essential part of the warp and woof of any game that attains—in this country, at least—great popularity?

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The Splendid Victory

NOT since the original battle of the Marne has there been such a sudden turning of the tables as took place last week. The fifth German offensive of the year began about as promisingly as the others. There was the average penetration of the Allied lines on the first two days, together with the taking of considerable territory. By Wednesday the achievement of the German objective—the cutting out of the Rheims salient and the taking of that city—appeared imminent; for the familiar German pincer had come within ten miles of closing about Rheims. In fact, the city was doubly menaced, first by the Germans reaching the Forest of Courton and penetrating to the outskirts of the crucial Mountain of Rheims, and by the progress of his advance just to the south of this along the River Marne itself with a view to the taking of Epernay. Both these drives very nearly succeeded. Then came on Thursday the beginning of that amazing change which has astounded the experts, sent a thrill throughout the Allied countries, and aroused particular enthusiasm in the United States because of the magnificent showing made by our green troops—chiefly former National Guardsmen—who now really merit the title of veterans. The counter-offensive from the west took the Germans completely by surprise—doubtless they were lulled into security by believing that as there had been no counter-blow during the previous offensives from any direction except from that in which they were advancing, there would be none this time.

The first French-American rush along the line of Fontenoy to the Belleau Wood carried them some miles on a depth of twenty-eight miles. They reached and passed their first, second, and third objectives with the greatest ease, the Germans in some places not putting up their usual stout defence. According to Berlin, the victory was due partly to the large number of tanks, but the element of surprise—the original attack was without preliminary bombardment—accounted for much; the tanks may be dismissed as a significant portion of the offensive. On Friday the smash continued, and at the close of it 17,000 prisoners and 360 guns were reported to be the booty. Ground was gained at almost every point, and French, Italians, and British began to take the offensive to the east on the Rheims-Chatillon line. On the Soissons front the Friday gain was a mile and a half. On Saturday the Germans fled back over the Marne and were successful with the aid of a smoke cloud in getting their troops across the river without, apparently, severe losses. The official German explanation of this is the ridiculous one that having accomplished what they set out to do they withdrew their troops to the original positions. By Saturday, too, the Germans had had to abandon all hopes of taking Rheims by a further advance out of the Forest of Courton on to the Mountain of Rheims or by advancing along the river to Epernay.

Monday's report was altogether favorable. Continuing their pursuit, the Americans crossed the Marne near Château-Thierry and Gland and captured the Wood of Barbillon to the north, pushing as far as Charteves and Epieds. As we print, Oulchy and Jaulgonne have fallen, and the western line of the Germans is near disintegration, threatening disaster, while they are losing tremendously in killed, wounded, and prisoners. At the same time, it will not do as yet to be too jubilant. As long as Soissons and Fère are German and the line to the east from Chatillon to Rheims holds, there is not yet the assurance of that complete collapse of the Germans within the salient for which every American is to-day hoping. But twenty-four hours more of battering and steady advancing by the Allies may enormously improve the outlook for a far-reaching disaster.

An overwhelming defeat it now is; of that there can be no question—and not only in the matter of prisoners and war material captured and ground gained. The all-important outstanding fact is not only that the Allies have suddenly taken the offensive in the middle of an attack precisely as the Germans did against the English with so much success at Cambrai, but that they have obviously achieved a moral superiority over their enemy. It is idle for the Germans to assert that they were prepared for this counter-offensive and had long expected it. They were caught napping, and Ludendorff must bitterly rue his mistake in not at least saving his Soissons-Château-Thierry line by taking the offensive there. Even though he never meant to gain anything, a bluff at moving ahead along that line might have prevented Foch's terrific blow. Again, this proves that Foch has at last men enough to strike hard at one point without fearing for others. If it does not mean the appearance of the long-heralded mobile army, it connotes something nearly as good. It also means that Paris is safe for the present, that the best cure for war-weariness has been achieved by showing that these German offensives are not unconquerable, but can be checked. Not since Verdun have the Germans experienced such a defeat. It is no wonder that the bells have been ringing and the flags flying all over this country these last few days. It is idle, of course, to assume that this signifies that the Germans are beaten, that their defence is collapsing, and that our troops will be in Germany next week or next month. It is, however, a staggering blow to the Kaiser and one that is bound to have its effect in intensifying the depression in Berlin and in Vienna.

When all is said and done, and allowing fully for the support given by the veteran French troops, the achievement of the Americans remains nothing less than astounding, and for it they deserve the fullest meed of praise. It must be remembered that all these gallant troops of ours took part in their first major engagement, and that many of them were under fire for the first time. When it is remembered that their ancestors wavered at Bull Run under conditions that were as child's play compared to modern warfare, it is astounding to read of the dash and gallantry and success with which they have everywhere done their part. Dash and gallantry we knew they had; that success would come, too, under such trying conditions at the very beginning we had not dared to hope. Moreover, they are steadily going on with the utmost determination and apparently with brilliant leadership. As usual, the colored troops distinguished themselves, and so did the marines; indeed, we are inclined to think that when all the facts are in, it will be hard to say who deserves the highest praise. It is greatly to be hoped that the War Department will speedily give out the details so that the country may understand to whom the honors belong; to-day we know only that the Rainbow and New England Divisions are again engaged, together with parts of the Seventy-seventh, which was trained at Camp Upton, and some regulars and marines. But this enumeration falls far short of the 250,000 who are said to be taking part in the drive.

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The Latest Peace Offensive

WE commented briefly last week upon the extraordinary speech of the German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, in the Reichstag on July 11. Taken in connection with the equally extraordinary speech of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Baron Burian, addressed to the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers on July 16, the character and scope of the latest "peace offensive" of the Central Powers are now clear. The two speeches do not, to be sure, cover exactly the same ground. Each speaker was expressing, in form at least, the views of his own Government, and much of what was said was doubtless intended in each case for home consumption. Each, however, was also addressing the Allies and the world; but while the incidents adduced are different, the point of view from which they are considered and the general tone of the discussion are, in all essential respects, the same.

The crucial point in Count von Hertling's speech is its reference to Belgium. Germany, we are told, has no intention of keeping Belgium permanently "in any form whatever." This declaration, if it could be taken by itself, would certainly be in the highest degree encouraging. If there is any one thing to which the United States and the Allies are committed, by moral obligation as well as by their own will, it is the restoration of Belgium to independence. But the Chancellor hastens to add qualifications. Belgium, although not to be retained permanently, is nevertheless to be used as a "pawn" in the negotiation of peace. What Germany expects to get for it is, first, a guarantee of protection, and, second, an assurance of economic advantage. Not only is Belgium not to be used by the Allies "for ground on which to deploy military forces," but it must also "be made to the interest of Belgium to secure close economic relations with Germany" in order that Germany may not be "isolated." By "attaining such an intimate commercial connection," a "political agreement" would result through which Germany would "secure the best guarantees against future perils from England and France by way of Belgium." In other words, the Belgian "pawn" is to become, politically and economically, a buffer state.

Baron Burian, naturally, is not concerned over Belgium, but over Austria-Hungary. He pays a graceful tribute to President Wilson as a genius to whom nobody would refuse homage, and whose coöperation nobody would decline. With the four peace principles enunciated by Mr. Wilson in his Fourth of July address, "apart from certain exaggerations," Baron Burian is in accord. The recent peace treaties concluded with Russia and Rumania need not disturb the Allies, since "none of the belligerent states need ever come into the position" of those hapless nations. "We are ever ready to enter into peace negotiations with all our opponents." Not, however, without qualifications. Austria-Hungary will not discuss any question affecting its own territory, nor will it permit its enemies to say how the peoples which make up the Dual Monarchy shall be governed. The "uninvited prescriptions" of the Allies regarding the creation of new states and the reconstitution of old ones, the apparent willingness that "one-half of Austria-Hungary may perish in order to make the other half happy," can never be tolerated. Austria-Hungary has its domestic difficulties, but so also have the Allies. "Sweep before your own door," exclaims Baron Burian.

If the words of Count von Hertling and Baron Burian have no other meaning than that which appears to lie open upon their face, the immediate outlook for peace, so far as any diplomatic advances by the Central Powers are concerned, must be adjudged dark. With Belgium a makeweight, the Russian and Rumanian treaties a finality, and the territorial integrity of Austria-Hungary a *sine qua non*, the discussion of peace suffers a well-nigh impossible handicap at the start. It is conceivable, of course, that the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister did not mean exactly what they said, or that at least they did not intend their words to be taken too literally. The fact that Count von Hertling's speech was promptly acclaimed in Germany itself as proof that the militarists and annexationists had triumphed over the liberals, and that the Kaiser and Ludendorff were now to have their way, may indicate that the Chancellor was not free to make an unqualified promise to restore Belgium, but felt compelled to hedge the assurance about with reservations vague enough to admit of later interpretation. One detects, too, in Baron Burian's acid remarks about the necessity of excluding from a peace discussion all reference to the alienation of Austrian territory or the reorganization of the Austrian state, an admission that outside criticism and propaganda have begun to tell. In neither case is it imperative to assume that these spokesmen for the Central Powers intended their words to be taken as a definitive closing of the door to peace negotiations save upon their own terms.

Nevertheless, it is just because the statements of Count von Hertling and Baron Burian are susceptible of more than one interpretation that they are so unsatisfactory. What was needed, above everything else, was clear speaking. The thinking world is sick of war. The appalling sacrifice of human life and efficiency, the incalculable waste of material resources and wealth, the jeopardizing of everything that has made modern civilization an achievement to be valued, holds no vision of beauty or reward to make men value it. What every friend of peace desires, what President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau have declared that they were straining their eyes to discern even afar off, is some concrete and unequivocal proof that Germany is ready, on its part, to end a war which it criminally began, and that Austria-Hungary is of the same mind. What the spokesmen of the Central Powers offer, instead, is a profession of desire for peace so enmeshed in qualifications, prior claims, and vague implications as not only to afford no sure substance of which the Allies can unhesitatingly take hold, but also, what is worse, to cast doubt upon the sincerity of the profession itself. The Central Powers cannot in conscience complain if, after this latest exhibition of diplomatic unfrankness and bad faith, the United States and the Allies regretfully conclude that no other course is open but to go on with the war. If the way to peace is barred, the opponents of Germany are not the ones who have obstructed it. It is admittedly a large task so to rehabilitate the German conscience that the word of Germany may be trusted. A long step will have been taken in that direction, however, when a statesman appears who will speak out without equivocation. Until the language of German diplomacy takes on greater frankness and truthfulness, the Central Powers must be content to see their peace overtures greeted only with suspicion. We say this regretfully because, in a recent editorial, the *Nation* expressed its belief that the holding of an informal peace conference would be opportune.

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Mr. Asquith and the Victorian Age

THE Romanes lecture at Oxford was given this year by Mr. Asquith, who chose for his subject "Some Aspects of the Victorian Age." According to the London *Morning Post*, to which we are indebted for a summary of the lecture, the former Premier dealt particularly with the literature of the Victorian period. Alluding at the outset to the rather curious fact that the only English sovereigns who had given their names to their times were reigning Queens—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria—Mr. Asquith went on to discuss the "almost paradoxical incongruity" between what he termed the outward and the inner life of the Victorian age. Outwardly, England worked earnestly and successfully for industrial development at home and commercial and financial supremacy abroad. At home, meantime, the English middle class "moved in uninspiring surroundings." Captains of industry were long content to draw large profits from an industrial system which "crippled and stunted the women and children of the country" and held men in virtual economic slavery. To be sure, England was less provincial than it has often been represented. There were not wanting expressions of sympathy with nationalities "rightly struggling to be free." On the whole, however, the "note of revolt" was not a characteristic of the Victorian age.

Until the lecture is published in full, one cannot follow in detail Mr. Asquith's development of his thesis. It is quite possible, too, that he took too literally the prohibition upon discussing religion or politics implied in the terms of the Romanes trust. Any appraisal of Victorian literature, however, which failed to take account of the influence of political and religious changes in the England of 1830 to 1890, would fail in comprehensiveness if not in accuracy. The period which, starting with the achievement of free trade, Catholic emancipation, and Parliamentary reform, went on rapidly to the development of coöperation and trade unionism, the further widening of the elective franchise, and the inauguration of numerous schemes for the betterment of working-class life, was groping towards democracy along lines of revolt. The Tractarian movement, also, to which Mr. Asquith made brief allusion, was a protest, however short-lived, against laxity in religious observance and unclear thinking in matters of faith, into which the Church of England had fallen.

The long list of writers whom Mr. Asquith passed rapidly in review is thickly studded with the names of those to whom the existing political and industrial order was repellent, sordid, and unfruitful, and who sought, in poetry, fiction, history, or critical writing, to turn the thought of England into new courses. If, as Mr. Asquith said, it was the novelists who most caught and held the popular imagination, writers and thinkers like Carlyle, Ruskin, Spencer, Arnold, and Meredith were, in their several ways, not far behind. Indeed, it is not the least striking characteristic of the Victorian protest against things as they were, that the protest itself was so largely literary. The men and women to whom reformers looked for inspiration wrote well, and what they wrote, whether grave or gay, was widely read.

Yet there is a sense in which Mr. Asquith's criticism is suggestively true. As a whole, the Victorian literature of revolt, like the movement to which it gave voice, was studiously well-bred. It did not loosen the grip of an oppressive capitalism, for capitalism all the while grew apace. It did not break down the time-honored class distinctions which divided, by an impassable gulf, the gentleman from the bourgeois. Its sympathy for oppressed peoples did not make British foreign policy more righteous, nor did its pride in the Empire make the colonist feel at home in England. It left largely undisturbed the formal middle-class morality, steeped in a belief in the inherent subjection of women. It was tolerant of new ideas, read German philosophy and theology and French fiction and criticism, and tried hard to orient itself in matters as far apart as politics and art. Yet there was little place in Victorian England, after all, for individualism and none at all for revolution. The reason is to be found, where Mr. Asquith appears to have found it, in a certain benumbing quality of the old industrialism and the old conception of wealth. So long as England was prosperous and safe, discussion of change might proceed at leisure. The future Romanes lecturer who shall survey the characteristics of the post-Victorian age will have a different story to tell.

Democracy and Discipline

THE *Nation* has never been able to echo the plaint of those lugubrious patriots who declare that the American people are utterly lacking in discipline. Our population, it is true, have an impatience of unnecessary restraint, combined with a certain independence, self-reliance, and quickness in meeting emergencies, that are not characteristic of the people of more highly regimented countries. The selective influence of a new continent and three centuries of frontier life will perhaps account for that, but it implies no lack of discipline, once that term is understood.

Historically, discipline has meant the control of the mass by the authority of the superior. It has been imposed from without, by the harsh methods of the club and the scourge and the sword. It has been the control of the Alexanders and the Fredericks and the Napoleons and the Wilhelms, an external compulsion exercised over unwilling and unruly men by superior force, whether of body or of spirit. But such control has become forever impossible for free men, and the free peoples to-day stand in battle array because they have willed to have no more of it.

Discipline in a democracy is of another sort. It is imposed from within; it is the fruit of education, not of force. It means self-control, voluntary subjection to necessary if inconvenient restraints, toleration of differences, willingness and ability for unforced coöperation. It is vastly more difficult of attainment than is the old discipline of subjection, and in time of war, which calls for rapid unified action, it appears to the unthinking and the impatient far less "efficient," to employ a much-abused word. Hence we have been bombarded during the last four years with demands that we forsake those traditions of liberty which have made us great, which have made us one people amid our astonishing diversity, and that we "Americanize" our population by all the familiar outgrown devices of compulsion and regimentation. But we, for our part, believe without qualification in the American tradition, the tradition that is American, but not exclusive, for it is the common property of all the democratic peoples.

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To-day those of us who hold that faith untarnished can point to its triumphant vindication under the extraordinary testing of war. In what particular, we ask the apostles of the goose-step, have the American people failed? Have they not met, and more than met, every demand made on them by this crisis? We do not say that their leadership has been perfect at every point, or that mistakes a-plenty have not been made, but we do call attention to the almost pathetic eagerness with which the peoples of Europe turn from their own chiefs to enroll themselves under the banner of the President of the United States, acclaiming him as the official leader of the world's democratic forces. The President, with rare skill, upon our entrance into the war, put forward as our ends certain ideals that at once disclosed our essential spiritual unity amid our endless diversity of human types. Freedom and self-determination, justice and equal opportunity for small and great—those words, we believe, voice the aspiration of our people. By experience and tradition we know their value; for them we are willing to give our lives. In striving for them we are one with a unity far stronger than any guaranteed by the knout and club and bayonet.

But what of more specific things? Congress enacted a draft law that broke absolutely with our whole tradition of volunteer service, and without disorder or complaining ten million young men marched to the registration booths to enroll themselves. Who shall complain to-day of American lack of discipline as he reads of Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood and Jaulgonne? Discipline, indeed, but the discipline of free men. Thrice has the Government appealed to the people for huge loans, and thrice have the people responded with sums vastly in excess of those asked. The Red Cross calls for an outright gift of a hundred millions, and a hundred and fifty pour into its coffers. The Government asks for ships, and shipyards rise as if by magic alongside every river mouth and bay. The Food Administration appeals to us to save wheat, and hotels and restaurants by the thousand straightway announce that they will use no more wheat until the next harvest; we learn of whole towns that have voluntarily foregone the staff of life in answer to the appeal. And so the story goes, in small things no less than in great.

Criticism of our record in the war hitherto, so far as it is solidly based, rests upon weaknesses of organization, rather than upon any individual lack of discipline. In tolerance and self-restraint we have often been sorely lacking, nor have our methods been by any means wanting in the element of compulsion. Neither do we speak in any spirit of boastfulness, but making all due allowance and exceptions, we maintain that the history of the past year offers incontrovertible proof of the essential unity and the democratic discipline of the American people. Our difficulties are not due to any failure of our people as compared with other peoples. Our errors and weaknesses we sorrowfully acknowledge, but our faith is confirmed in the general correctness of those methods of education and toleration and coöperation which we have employed, as opposed to the force and repression and compulsion which many would press upon us as the lesson of a war for liberty. With all their faults, Americans are to-day a disciplined people—not that we have yet attained, but that we have taken the first steps in that course of self-control which is the only possible discipline of the future, the discipline of a world of free peoples.

Northward Ho!

CHRISTIANIA, June 28.—Roald Amundsen's ship, Maude, in which the famous explorer will attempt to reach the North Pole, left Christiania to-day for the north. Capt. Amundsen himself will board the vessel when she reaches Tromsoe.

AND so the lure of the world's Great White Way has lost none of its attraction. Men may die by tens of thousands in Picardy, give up their souls on the Marne, civilization and liberty may tremble in the balance—here are voyagers to turn their backs upon the trembling fate of nations in order to enter the unknown. Off to the North Pole and to ignorance profoundly mysterious when humanity is in agony? Of what stuff *is* Amundsen? Is it a heroism that bids him add to the sum total of scientific knowledge when all science is bent upon destruction, or is it a cowardice that seeks oblivion and peace?

Doubtless there be many who would fain go with Amundsen—those whose hearts and minds grow weary with the unheard-of blood-letting, who cannot read of a hundred thousand beautiful young lives blotted out in two days without the spirit revolting within its charnel-house. Volunteers, we fancy, would have flocked to Amundsen had he called for them—men eager to bury their moral bruises, to blot out all the horrors of the trenches; yes, the lame, the halt, and perhaps the blind. And bolder or rougher spirits would have come, those for whom four years of war have lost their novelty, who not only dare death as prepared by men, but are ready to grapple with elemental forces themselves.

So they are off, skirting Norwegian headlands, soon to pass scattered floating ice, then bergs, and then the great icefields until progress is no more and the terrible cold of stillness, darkness ever colder, settle down upon one and all, and the long slow months pass by. On what will they speculate as the weeks drag on? Of glory at the cannon's mouth? Or of the fate of others who have gone their way before? Perhaps some one will read aloud from the diary of another dauntless explorer these words:

> December 2, Saturday.—Had to put McGary and Riley under active treatment for scurvy; gums retracted, ankles swollen, and bad lumbago. Mr. Wilson's case a still worse one. Morton's is a saddening one. Brooks grows discouraged; the poor fellow has scurvy in his stump, and his leg is drawn up. This is the third case on board—the fourth if I include my own—of contracted tendons. The stove is smoking so that three of our party are down with acute inflammation of the eyes. We are stripping the ship to get at least two and one-half tons of wood, and with this—God willing—I may get through this awful winter and save the brig besides.

How will it be when Amundsen's men emerge from the vacuum of the North by sledge from their crushed bark, or on its uninjured deck? Will the skulking terror of the seas rise from the waters and waylay them like a thief in the night? Shall the muffled roar of the guns again reach up to them from a Flanders still torn and rended? Shall the shrill cries of "On to Berlin" or "On to Paris" again penetrate to their ears? Or shall they find the peace of the Pole, with exhausted, stupefied men and women, drained of all emotion, building anew? Who shall say? We only know one thing for certain. Whenever they come out into the glare of humanity, they will still find men aflame for liberty, democracy, and the right, and ready as of old to give their lives for truth, righteousness, and justice.

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The English Education Bill

By FRANK ROSCOE

(Secretary, Teachers Registration Council, England)

IN England the war has served to bring to a focus and to raise to a plane of practical achievement many vague and scattered desires for social reform and economic reconstruction. Before the shock of catastrophe came upon us, we in England were content to discuss, with varying degrees of amiability and acrimony, such questions as the relations between capital and labor, the housing of manual workers, the control of the drink traffic, tariffs on imports, and the ever-present Irish problem. Attending the discussions on all these themes there was an atmosphere which may be best described as academic, the traditional British phlegm exhibiting itself, as always, in a reluctance to "get busy," and in a tacit assumption that social reform and political change were not matters of such urgency as to demand immediate action. We were progressing, it is true, but our general practice was not unlike that which is followed in the case of our ancient cathedrals. A visitor to any of these will always find that some part of the building is hidden by scaffolding, and he will be told that restoration is going forward. Such restoration is jealously watched lest anything should be done which may destroy the character of the building. Improvements may be made, but they must come by almost imperceptible degrees. Any suggestion that a venerable building should be pulled down and replaced by a modern up-to-date structure would be regarded as vandalism of the worst kind. Even necessary repairs are postponed until the last possible moment.

The war, however, had a shattering effect and revealed in the cherished fabric of the English social edifice certain flaws which had before been seen only by discerning minds. All the matters already named, and many others of great importance, such as the conditions of labor, the care of infants, and the production and distribution of food, came to be regarded as questions for solution rather than continued discussion, and it was felt that, besides being important in relation to the war, these questions were no less vital to the country in peace. Reconstruction Committees were appointed to consider the many problems involved. Some of these have not yet reported fully, but others, such as the Committee on Joint Industrial Councils, have already found their suggestions accepted. The case of education was somewhat different from the beginning. For some ten years immediately preceding the war there had been growing up a powerful opinion in favor of reconstruction. The Workers' Educational Association had conducted classes for workingmen in such topics as history, economics, literature, and economic history. Its leaders included a number of our younger Oxford and Cambridge men, and its work was marked by a serious effort to emphasize the value of liberal studies as distinct from a rigid, narrowly technical training. Lord Haldane had taken every opportunity of urging the importance of the proper training of youth. The annual Reports of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, supplemented by the more detailed statements of our local school medical officers and based on the periodical physical examinations of our school pupils, had revealed a state of things which attracted general attention and produced widespread anxiety.

Thus it was found that of every 1,000 children born, 110 die during the first year. In 1915 the number of lives thus prematurely lost was 89,477. Of the six million children attending our public elementary schools, one in every ten, 600,000 in all, were unclean. A similar number were improperly or insufficiently fed; about three millions had bad teeth, and over half a million had weak sight. The sum total of child suffering thus revealed was regarded as a disgrace to a great nation, a disgrace mitigated only by the fact that in some districts there was evidence of rapid improvement, due to the efforts of enlightened school authorities and their medical officers. Thus in Manchester the infant death-rate was reduced from 197 to 111 per 1,000, and in Bradford the average weight of eight-year-old boys was increased by four pounds. It was urged that if such improvements could be effected in crowded industrial centres, an extension of infant-welfare supervision and of school medical inspection and treatment would speedily alter the conditions of child life.

Equally disquieting were the facts revealed concerning child employment. It was found that of children under fourteen there were 35,000 who attended school only half-time, being regularly employed, chiefly in textile industries, for the half of each day. Over a quarter of a million were employed, outside school hours, in minor forms of casual work, delivering newspapers or tradesmen's goods. In some few cases these unfortunate children worked for forty hours in each week and many were employed for from ten to twenty-five hours.

Even more important in the eyes of educators and social reformers was the question of the training of youth. We have in England nearly three million young people between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Of these over two million received no systematic schooling after the age of fourteen. Evening schools and institutes were provided, but attendance was voluntary, and the young wage-earners, fresh from the restraints of school, often exercised their freedom unwisely, seeking entertainment in the streets, vaudeville shows, and picture houses. Not infrequently they realized at the age of eighteen or later that they would benefit by further knowledge, but by that time the habit of study had been lost and much of what they had learned in school was forgotten. Of our habitual criminals in England, the great majority received their first conviction before the age of nineteen, and a careful though limited inquiry showed that the class of women of the street was mainly recruited from adolescent girls. It was evident, in short, that in the absence of provision for the proper training of youth we were merely throwing away much of the money spent on the earlier stages of education.

To these compelling reasons for reconstruction was added one of an administrative character. In England the tradition of local control is very powerful, and in educational administration especially it is felt that a centralized system must be watched very jealously lest it should destroy the valuable elements of local initiative and interest. We have a national Board of Education, with an administrative staff and two Ministers who sit in Parliament and are re-

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sponsible for the general conduct of educational affairs. The Government pays a grant in aid of education, but this is supplemented by local taxes, and the total sum for each district is spent by the local education authority. We have no less than 319 local authorities, each largely independent and all presenting different degrees of enlightenment and enthusiasm. The result has been that a child's future has depended very greatly on the district in which it was born. Some authorities provided ample secondary education, others did little; 276 provided medical treatment, 43 did not; some paid teachers well and obtained excellent service, others tried to save money by employing cheap teachers. There was thus a need for a national minimum standard to be imposed in such a way as would interfere as little as possible with local enterprise.

The prospects of educational reconstruction were greatly brightened by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Fisher, M. P., as President of the Board of Education, when the present Government was formed early in 1917. Mr. Fisher had been a tutor in Oxford, and afterwards head of the University of Sheffield. He is a scholar of unquestioned eminence and a teacher of high repute. With him was associated as a colleague in the Ministry Mr. Herbert Lewis, M. P., who holds the office of Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education. Mr. Fisher was chosen expressly for the purpose of devising an education measure, and within the last few days he has had the satisfaction of seeing his proposals accepted by the House of Commons. The scope and purpose of these proposals may be stated briefly by saying that they are intended to remedy, as far as is immediately practicable, the shortcomings already described. To secure a national minimum, it is arranged that each local authority shall prepare and submit a comprehensive scheme of education for its own area. Authorities may combine for any purpose, such as the provision of higher education or the development of technical training or of scientific research. The Board of Education will consider each scheme and will make suggestions where desirable. When a scheme is approved, it will be carried out by the local authority, acting largely in independence of the Board, and half the cost will be paid by the central Government, leaving the remaining half to be met by local taxes. General conditions are laid down concerning the nature of the schemes to be submitted, and these are designed to provide against existing defects. Thus all children without exception are to attend school to the age of fourteen. No child is to be employed for wages under the age of twelve, and if employed between the ages of twelve and fourteen, the work must be done outside school hours and must end before 8 P. M. No street trading (*e. g.*, selling newspapers) by any child under fourteen is permitted. Further, local education authorities are given general powers to prevent the employment of any child in a manner likely to injure its health. They may also compel all children in their own district to attend school to the age of fifteen.

The training of youth is provided for by the establishment of day continuation schools, to be attended by all who leave the public elementary or other schools before the age of sixteen. Such young people must attend school for at least eight hours in each week, and their employers are required to release them from industry for the purpose, since the continuation schools may not be held in the evening after seven o'clock. It is proposed that this compulsory attendance shall extend to the age of eighteen, but as an immediate measure the age of sixteen is temporarily accepted, the reason being that the full project would demand a teaching staff far larger than is at present available. The curriculum in these schools is not to be vocational in a narrow sense, but must include literature, history, and other subjects of general educational value. Our Labor party is apparently resolved to prevent the schools from becoming a means of providing cheap skilled labor or a feeding ground for a conscript army. Their leaders claim that every child in the country has an inalienable right to a full share in a heritage of thought as distinct from his share in the primeval heritage of work, and nothing has been more striking than the ardor with which our trade-union leaders and skilled artisans have welcomed instruction of a university character in industrial history and economics.

All this reconstruction depends for its success on the extent to which the physical well-being of the children is secured. Recognizing this, Mr. Fisher provides that for children under six there shall be nursery schools, beginning with infant welfare centres, where mothers may learn how to care for their babies, and going on to nursery schools where infants may be looked after if their mothers are at work. Medical inspection of all children at regular intervals is made compulsory, and local authorities are encouraged to provide medical treatment where necessary. School playing fields, school baths, and summer camps are to be more general, and in all schools regular physical drill, but not of a military character, is to form part of the course. Great importance is attached to the development of physical training and summer camps as adjuncts to the new continuation schools. In short, the bill aims at giving to every child a reasonable chance of living a healthy life and of gaining the bodily strength necessary for good work in adult life. Mr. Fisher says: "My point of view is that education is one of the most precious goods of life, and that the more fully and equally it can be distributed, the more happy we shall be and the stronger will be our community."

This expresses the true social purpose of education as distinct from economic or industrial or military ends. It would be wrong to suppose that the purpose is universally recognized in England. In some quarters the bill was opposed from the fear that it would unduly deplete the labor force of the country by withdrawing children from industry. In other quarters the opposition was more subtle and was designed to make education serve the purposes of great employers by marking off at an early age a large number of children as unfit to receive higher education and capable only of becoming manual workers of a low grade. The questions raised by this suggestion of a predestined class of Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water to the community, is not easily settled. In practice we find that there are boys and girls who do not respond to the ordinary school process, just as there are men and women who contrive to live on an extremely meagre stock of ideas. Such people, however, are found by no means exclusively in the less wealthy or lower social grades, and it is desirable to avoid any attempt at an early stratification of society based on our schools, wherein, of necessity, lack of apparent promise is often to be ascribed to home circumstances. In a truly democratic community the road of opportunity must always be broad and open and well graded. The English Education bill is an attempt to further the building of such a road, and by many it is regarded as the most promising measure of social betterment England has ever undertaken.

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The Non-Partisan League

By FRANK PLACHY, JR.

THE Minnesota State Federation of Labor, at its annual convention on July 17, voted to organize a labor party and put a full State ticket in the field to contest the November election with the nominees of the two old parties. A fusion of all organized labor and radical elements with the organization already built up in Minnesota by the Non-Partisan League is under way—a fusion which, if successful, will mark the first organized attempt to unite the laboring element with the farmers of a State to gain control of the State Government. It is true that in North Dakota fusion was effected between labor and agrarian forces, but the economic conditions of North Dakota and Minnesota have little in common. North Dakota is exclusively an agricultural State, and the influence of labor has been practically nonexistent except in closely contested elections. In Minnesota labor and agriculture are pretty evenly divided numerically. The three big cities, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth, together with the labor organizations throughout the iron ranges, provide a labor vote which would, if effectually united with the farmers, be irresistible.

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party machine is at all popular with either farmers or laboring men in Minnesota. The recent primaries, by a peculiar combination of events, resulted unfortunately for the candidates favored by both of these interests. Organized labor and the Non-Partisan League scattered their fire, while the big business interests and the press of the State, especially in the Twin Cities, concentrated all possible strength on their own candidates, who arrogated to themselves the virtue of "loyalty," thereby drawing thousands of votes which would otherwise have been split up among other candidates.

If the Non-Partisan League and the leaders of labor are able to agree on the men who are to make up the proposed labor ticket, it is difficult to see how any other combination can prevail against it; for the farmers and the organized workers combined have a numerical majority of the votes, and both Governor Burnquist, who was renominated by the Republicans, and Fred E. Wheaton, who is put forward by the Democrats, are alike unsatisfactory to both groups. The entire situation appears to promise a repetition of the events which have taken place in North Dakota since the League first acquired strength.

To describe intelligently the growth of this remarkable movement, it is necessary first to point out the influences which have been dominant in North Dakota and Minnesota during the past thirty years; for the agrarian movement which triumphed in North Dakota as a purely local revolt against an intolerable economic situation has in Minnesota been turned into something quite different because of war issues thrust upon it by interests seeking its destruction. The Non-Partisan League, which directed the fight in North Dakota and which is now trying to form a combination with labor to carry on its work in Minnesota, is but the symbol of a movement far greater than any little group of men.

Following the building of the Great Northern Railway and the period of Scandinavian immigration, North Dakota built up rapidly as an agricultural region. Minneapolis had already become the distributing centre for all the country west and northwest of that city, and its elevator and milling interests had become strongly intrenched through an alliance with the banks of that city and St. Paul.

The Twin Cities, through control of the two great necessities of a pioneer community—money and transportation—were thus able to keep a solid grip on the growing State to the west. Lines of country banks were built up through a combination of the banking and grain interests of Minneapolis, and competition in the banking business was entirely wiped out. The various "strings" of banks were controlled in either Minneapolis or St. Paul, generally the former, and their owners worked together with a high degree of coöperation. In exactly the same manner lines of elevators and lumber yards were developed. In hundreds of cases small Dakota towns consisted mainly of a bank, an elevator, and a lumber yard, all controlled by the same group of owners. The settlers had no choice but to follow the dictates of the men in the Twin Cities who controlled the combination. The actual machinery of control was furnished by the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, a volunteer association answerable only to itself.

As years went by and the immigrants' children grew up, many of them sought a college education, some at the University of Minnesota, some at Wisconsin and other neighboring institutions. It was the light that these boys and girls carried home that eventually showed their toil-hardened parents the way out. The Chamber of Commerce, blind to the new light, set out to crush, through the time-honored means afforded by the banks and railroads, the first indications of independence on the part of the citizens of North Dakota. They discovered too late that the farmer of 1915 bore little relation to the farmer of 1895.

The first sign of revolt in North Dakota was the Equity Coöperative movement. Farmers at various places had started coöperative elevators. The Chamber of Commerce had fought them at every turn and had succeeded in making the terminal market problem a serious one for the independent elevator. The Equity Coöperative Exchange was the answer. Its success, together with the work done for it by George Loftus and former Congressman James Manahan, showed the farmers that the Minneapolis grain and banking ring, powerful though it was, was vulnerable through State control over the railroads, and the growing number of lines seeking freight from the State. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads had always been operated in close harmony with the big milling and elevator companies. Other roads began the extension of their lines into North Dakota, and railroad competition became a fact. As soon as the farmers of the State realized that they could ship their grain and be paid for it in cash without the permission of the banker and elevator manager of the nearest town, the State's economic salvation was assured.

The Non-Partisan League came into existence in answer to a clear demand on the part of the North Dakota farmers for some organization to manage their fight for independence. When the League once got under way, its progress throughout the State was irresistible, and it has remarkably fulfilled the hopes of its founders and early backers. Following the recent disaster that overtook the League in its first attempt to enter Minnesota politics, the same charges

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of pro-Germanism and disloyalty that were so effectual in Minnesota were tried in North Dakota, but without effect, and the League's candidates carried the primaries.

It was inevitable that a movement modelled on that of North Dakota should have started in Minnesota. In the northern part of the State conditions were quite similar to those existing on the other side of the Red River, while in southern Minnesota the League found the principle of co-operative action among farmers already well established. All the counties south of the Twin Cities have had long and successful experience with coöperative dairies, creameries, and marketing associations. Thus the essence of the League plan was already in operation on a small scale.

The real problem for the League leaders in Minnesota was found in the cities, with their large labor vote, and the League set about the work of interesting labor in its propaganda. The effort to form a coalition of the agricultural and the labor groups is the key to all the troubles which have recently beset Minnesota, turning it into a very crater of hate, reviving and intensifying every economic, political, and religious issue which has disturbed the State in the last half-century. Just as the efforts of the League leaders began to promise success, the war came and changed the whole course of events. The attempt of the League to conduct a campaign based on domestic economic questions was frustrated; in its place Minnesota has passed through months of a virtual reign of terror in which disorder and outrage played leading parts.

The League based its appeal to labor mainly on arguments relating to the waste of distribution between consumer and producer. Attempts were made to show the laboring man that if the profiteering of the middleman were eliminated, the farmer would get more and the consumer pay less for food. Its programme calls for the elimination of middlemen through State ownership of mills, elevators, packing plants, cold storage plants, and other industries with which farmers come into direct contact. It also advocates State insurance, State land banks, and the single tax. Such a programme evidently contains large Socialistic elements, but it would maintain private ownership of land.

The celebrated La Follette meeting in St. Paul, in June, 1917, was arranged by the League for the purpose of explaining its plans to the leaders of organized labor in Minnesota. It was part of the plan to show the man who works with his hands that the interests of producer and consumer are identical, and that the important thing is to cut from the machinery of distribution the unnecessary processes and the middlemen who now take toll of all the products of labor or of the soil. The attack made on Senator La Follette by the Minnesota Public Safety Commission was the signal for a general assault on the League itself by the press of the Twin Cities. The leaders of the two old parties were becoming uncomfortable at the indications of success shown by the League in its effort to enlist organized labor. The charge of disloyalty against Senator La Follette gave the necessary opportunity, and from that day until the primary election, just past, all issues were lost sight of except those which dealt with the alleged disloyalty of A. C. Townley, the League's president, and the members of the League.

Since the La Follette incident, practically nothing has been heard of the genuine issues which the League successfully advocated in North Dakota. The loyalty or disloyalty of League leaders has been an easier subject for the press of the Twin Cities to discuss than the ideas which already appear to have vindicated their worth in North Dakota. The bankers, millers, and elevator men of Minneapolis, who supply the campaign funds for the regular Republican organization in Minnesota, have too much at stake to allow any discussion of Chamber of Commerce methods from the platform if it can be avoided. Naturally, they have arrogated the loyalty issue to themselves.

The assaults on the League have tended more and more towards personal attacks on Mr. Townley, who has held and increased his personal hold on the League. The charge that Townley is the League is close to the truth. He was a North Dakota farmer and a candidate for office on the Socialist ticket before he conceived the idea of a league to unite the farmers. Then he tried to become the State's flax king and failed. Not an orator in the general understanding of that word, he possesses remarkable personal magnetism. While the present officers of the League are practically self-appointed, all the objections to Townley's domination come from non-members. The attacks on his loyalty have been based on certain remarks made during the first Liberty Loan campaign. In a speech at Jamestown, North Dakota, for example, he said: "It is absolute insanity for us to lead ourselves or anybody else to believe that this nation can succeed in war when hundreds of gamblers in the necessities of life use the war only for the purpose of extracting exorbitant profits. We are working not to beat the enemy, but to make multi-millionaires. That is what we are working for." In a word, he has been and still is in favor of making the rich pay for the war.

Following the recent primaries, at which the League's candidate, Lindbergh, was defeated, there has been a comparative lull in the State, broken only by the dismissal by the State Supreme Court on July 5 of the indictments brought by the grand jury of Martin County against Townley and Joseph Gilbert, the League's general manager. Should organized labor and the League agree upon a third ticket, however, it may be taken for granted that the troubles which disrupted the peace of the State all last winter and during the spring months will break out again and continue until November. Yet if the right man can be persuaded to run on a fusion farmer-labor ticket, it is difficult to see where Governor Burnquist will find enough votes to assure him another two years in office. So far as the Non-Partisan League is concerned, the voters have had no opportunity to express themselves regarding the economic issues for which it stands. All that has been swept aside in the wild charges of disloyalty and sedition that have followed every recent attempt of the League to state its principles. Townley himself is well aware of this. Speaking of the tactics of the Public Safety Commission and the corporate interests, he said recently:

> Loyalty is their best card. All I can say is what I have repeated at every meeting this year. The war is the biggest business of the country. The people of the League are back of the Administration for the winning of the war. But while we are winning the war against foreign autocracy, American citizenship neither demands nor permits us to submit to the rule of robbing jobbers in this country. We are just as much opposed to war profiteers as the people of a democracy ought to be. They are hiding behind the flag—the war profiteers. The same sort of grafters we put out of business in North Dakota before the war, who called us I. W. W.'s and Socialists, now call us pro-Germans and disloyalists. They are making loyalty the issue. The real issue is the same as it has always been between political parties: whether we shall have better conditions at home.

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My Spanish Magazine

By FREDERICK M. SMITH

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain.—"Prue and I."

I BELONG to a generation which knew Joseph, or leaving to speak in figures, I am of a generation that knew the magazines before most of them had fallen from a high estate; a time in which, as Mr. Dobson says, "men wrote with slower pen," before advertising managers had cast covetous eyes upon all around them, and the nine Muses had kilted up their skirts for a race. In that time even the less lordly of the monthlies had a certain sincerity, a certain reticence, and an air of respectability and good taste. And even today I cling tenaciously to the hope that I may still find in the pages of the new magazines something of that old-time flavor.

More than often I am disappointed. I open a likely number and am assaulted at the very outset by a page of "editorial chat," which tells me that this is the greatest magazine ever published, that the stories are epoch-making, and the articles so timely that they could pace a clock. On close inspection they scarcely seem to warrant this extravagant praise; in their whole make-up and complexion they have about them a specious assumption of worth and a certain braggart quality that I find irritating. In the old days they were like accomplished and urbane gentlemen who came to sit at your fireside and share with you their rich experience; now I usually have the feeling that I am entertaining a vociferous sophomore or a boastful commercial traveller. Is it because I am getting a little old and crabbed, finding the past always better than the present; or do most of our monthlies lack something of the stability and dignity, something of the refinement and good manners, of their brothers of an earlier day?

I said things like this the other night to my wife, who smiled, as she always does, when she finds me grumbling about the degeneracy of the times. "You can have the sort of magazine you like when you get to Spain," said she. You see, we were both of an age to enjoy "Prue and I," and as we grow older we often have our little Spanish moments. "By Jove! I will," said I. "It's an excellent idea. Why haven't we thought of it before?"

So now, on occasion, when I am in a romantic mood, I indulge in the innocent but agreeable pastime of magazine making. This goes best on some winter night when the cold makes an open fire cheery, the wind whispering a little in the chimney, the birch logs singing back from the hearth; Susan on one side of the fireplace with her knitting, I on the other with a pipe and an unopened book. The frost has put a fretwork on the windows that reminds me of Moorish towers; and in the orange golden light from the great table lamp my wife, with her sombrous eyes and her dark hair parted at the crown, makes a figure harmoniously Spanish. The book in my hands changes in hue. Is it pale buff, or tawny yellow, or light chocolate? Are the figures thereon of boys blowing bubbles, or merely black letters, or delicate arabesques suggestive of the decorations on the walls of palaces in Seville or Granada? I do not know; perhaps it is a composite of the three.

At any rate, when I turn the first pages I am in no doubt as to what I shall find. The frontispiece is a picture in color by Howard Pyle: it shows ferocious buccaneers burying chests of treasure on a white sea beach, or duelling with cutlasses, or boarding a high-pooped galleon of old Spain. And since Howard Pyle was as distinguished with the writer's pen as with the artist's brush, the article to follow shall be of his making, perhaps a story of Lafitte in the Barataria, or a bit of fiction in which a pirate and a lovely black-eyed lady and a lost necklace of opals play absorbing parts—all embellished with Pyle's own fascinating pen-and-ink sketches.

That for the salty and savory *hors d'œuvre*, the smack of romance at the start. Let it be followed with something as flavorsome; a gracefully wrought, twinklingly humorous surprise story by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, unillustrated. After which I shall have a travel sketch by that industrious and engaging romancer, Hopkinson Smith, who will write of red and gray Dordrecht in Holland; making the wash drawings to illustrate—pictures of the sleepy old canals, of the busy riverfront, of the market-place, on a Tuesday, where you may see much Dutch art vivified: comfortable, ancient butter women who might have just stepped from Rembrandt's portraits, and queer, frosty, old country fellows whom Mauve might have painted herding sheep.

It is now time for an essay, and here I fly high—George William Curtis! Just two or three pages in the manner of the Easy Chair, a piece of genial philosophy and of kindly satire. In this we have prose that has distinction as so much of our latter-day prose has not. To adapt Stevenson: though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays—between you and me, I doubt that—though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Curtis. If we could only recapture a shade of that urbanity, felicity, and elegance, that fine air of leisure which our literature is quite losing!

I shall put next to this a story by Thomas Janvier; I do not care whether it is a tale of the *Casa Napoleon*, that modest white-fronted *hôtel* in the riper Bohemia of nineteenth-century New York, or whether it is laid in the golden lands of Provence among the rose gardens at Arles or in the sunshine of Nîmes. If the former, I should have it illustrated by Reinhardt; if the latter, by the colorful and spirited George Wright. Then, to put gray and good New England by the side of vivacious, smiling France, I shall have a little masterpiece by Sarah Orne Jewett, who will write of quiet country places and neat cottages, and old gardens within whose white-fenced borders move crotchety, lovable spinsters—a story of poignant sorrow and patient toil, and little heartening gleams of joy. For this I will have no drawings: I prefer my own fancy's pictures of those sweet, simple, honest folk.

And now a rare treat! Here are several pages of pen-and-ink drawings by Edwin Abbey to illustrate old songs. Back we go in the centuries, back to village greens, to inns with swinging signboards and great kitchens; back to calm, stately gentlemen in small clothes, and apple-cheeked milkmaids in caps and kirtles, and ruddy old vicars, and sweet young ladies in painted lawn and flowered brocade. As for the songs, the choice is easy; and if no others I shall have "The Widow Malone," and "Twickenham Ferry," "The Vicar of Bray," and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."

After this, in a vein more serious, let us have another essay, a nature paper by stout John Burroughs; something with the grit of the soil in it, and the smell of autumn for-

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ests; something fine as Nature is fine, yet tart as wild apples.

We must, of course, have an instalment of a serial; and this is a nice matter. You can choose a half-dozen short-story writers, but to fasten upon one single novelist! Which shall he be? for I can tell you at the very outset that here I am not inclined to admit a *she*. Well, the decision is, after all, not so difficult. Why not Stevenson? He was a giant in those things. Why not some chapters of "Weir of Hermiston"? Beat that if you can, my hearties! Beat the dour Lord Justice-Clerk and Kirstie; and just imagine yourself sitting down to the half-hour's treat of a chapter picturing the young man in the dock and the father on the bench, for which William Hatherell has made one drawing.

Just here I ask leave to make an innovation, though perhaps I could show precedent; occasionally magazines have reprinted old stories. This is what I propose: to revive a story of a long past generation, and to print it in a somewhat strange fellowship — though good souls are never strange to each other in Spain. The prize is Washington Irving's "Stout Gentleman"; and how it will make nearly all the rest seem small by comparison; for it is a masterpiece if ever was one—a masterpiece, and by an American, too! I will even maintain that it is unmatched of its kind in English; so delicately drawn, so delectably humorous in scene, in suspense, in climax. And I will risk its illustration by Hugh Thomson.

Shall we continue in very exalted company by inserting here a pair of engravings by Timothy Cole; a luminous rendering of some rare old Dutchman, say the Vermeer from the Altman collection; and Holbein's "Christine of Denmark," which last I want for nothing so much as the beautifully painted hands?

Perhaps my magazine too much loves the light. With the single exception of Stevenson's contribution I confess I have leaned to the sunny side. But what more natural in Spain? Yet to get the value of contrast, we may wisely touch again the tragedy in "Weir" by a story from Joseph Conrad, a wild tale of Malaysian seas, of frustrate hope and brave failure, shadowed like a Rembrandt interior, but full of rich and impressive color to the searching eye, and in prose that has the music of wind in great trees. Brangwyn might give it one picture in reds and blacks.

Doubtless we should somewhere have a really solemn article; yet I am no lover of papers by political economists on the land problem in Little Russia or on the Americanization of Scandinavians in the Northwest. Let us rather have some matter linguistic; as, for instance, a proof that the people of Indiana speak purer English than the inhabitants of Boston. This I think would be entertaining; and you can always find some college professor who is ready to prove anything.

The final story, the sweet at the end, I am determined must be by H. C. Bunner; a *conte* in the vein of "Short Sixes," aromatic of humor and sentiment; and, since no artist has caught the spirit of Bunner so well as his first illustrator, I shall have the pen and inks by C. J. Taylor. Last we will slip in a cartoon by Du Maurier.

Here is a full book, a groaning basket of viands; here is a good man's feast.

You will object that I have not finished, that I have omitted poetry from its proper place. To which the answer is that any one who knows how magazines are made knows that I have purposely left verse to the last, since its chiefest use is to fill in chinks—the half or quarter-pages at the untimely ends of essays or stories. So I shall here propose half a dozen poems, and you may tuck them where you will.

Let it be distinctly understood that I speak of poetry: I will have none of this pitiful drivel that masquerades in the guise and under the name of poetry; thrilling us with such moving and exalted subjects as the emotions aroused in the enraptured bosom of a female versifier by the glimmer of a gas-lamp at a street corner on a wet night; glimpses of self-satisfied souls who appear too pedestrian to trip to a measure, and too solemn to trifle with a rhyme scheme. None of this balderdash goes in Spain, where the inhabitants know a thing or two. And the devil only knows why it goes in America at the present day. That an individual may on any occasion make a fool of himself we all know to our sorrow; but when folly reaches publication there must have been two consenting parties to the act, one to write and another to print. How, then, account for editors, whom we have suspected of wisdom, giving space in periodicals to much of the fustian called *vers libre?* Has there, perhaps, been of late some exhalation from the inconstant moon which has induced this form of lunacy?

And just here let me say that I should like to have in the next number of my Spanish magazine a report by Mr. James Boswell of a conversation with Dr. Johnson upon this modern upstart mediocrity. Only the truculent Doctor in private talk could deal adequately with that subject. He would settle the business of these poetasters. But, alas! such loose chronology seems beyond even the joyful possibilities of Spain. It would, however, be permissible to have a little essay by Andrew Lang—perhaps a letter to authors who were better dead—who with cut and thrust might do the deed as effective as the Doctor with his bludgeon, and more daintily.

Putting aside that attractive picture for the matter in hand: in our poems we shall have some noble numbers, or at least verse with music in it. There shall be a dozen virile stanzas by Kipling with the salt of the sea in them or the spiced air of India; a rondeau or madrigal by Austin Dobson, perfect in form, fragrant as lavender. There shall be, too, some sweet, mournful Irish lyric by Miss Letts; a homely and tender poem by James Whitcomb Riley; and some verses by Aldrich woven with the colors of an Eastern rug, showing travelling merchants in the magic city of Samarcand.

I have left out something else, I know it—the book advertisements at the beginning, and, what is usually the best thing in any magazine, the announcement for the next number. To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, says Stevenson. How hopefully we travel who read prospectuses of any sort! how seldom do we happily arrive! The contents of the next number afford needed opportunity to insert certain things which subscribers in Spain may have protested against leaving out of our present one. For instance, I am sure there will be fiction by Mark Twain and George Cable, Frank Stockton and Thomas Hardy and Mary Wilkins; and a travel article by the Pennells with many illustrations; essays by C. D. Warner and E. S. Martin; and some full-page drawings by Vierge showing scenes in the life of Cervantes (tactful Spanish touch), with an article on that friend of man by Mr. Howells.

"There," I say to Susan, after we have turned the last page, "there is something truly Spanish in its savor!"

"Humph!" says she, "and if you live twenty years longer,

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you will be looking back to the present-day periodicals as being the real Spanish things."

"On the contrary," I answer gayly, "in twenty years we shall have grown tired of reading slangy stories about sentimental shopgirls, and highly colored descriptions of the amorous moments of pseudo-aristocrats; we shall have again come to know the value of *truth* in literature; and to enjoy the color and music of single words, and the charm of rhythmical phrasing, and the harmony that exists in their pleasant whole. We shall take time to cultivate the *flowers* in life's garden."

Correspondence

An Original Wordsworth Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A letter of Wordsworth's, hitherto unpublished, which has recently come into my possession, may be worth printing because it shows more specifically than any recorded document exactly how near the Wordsworths came to being forced to quit Rydal Mount in 1826 and take up their residence elsewhere.

Knight in his "Life of Wordsworth" (XI, 116 seq.) quotes in part a letter from Dorothy Wordsworth to Mrs. Marshall, dated Rydal Mount, December 23, 1825, in which the possibility of being dismissed from Rydal Mount is discussed. She says: "My brother took his resolution immediately (he and all of us being so unwilling to leave Rydal) and purchased a piece of land on which to build a house." In another part of the same letter she refers vaguely to a possibility of building on this lot and says: "If the dwelling which Dora has already sketched on paper would 'rise like an exhalation,' without expense or trouble, I should be comparatively little distressed at the thought of leaving Rydal Mount." An entry in Henry Crabb Robinson's "Diary" (Knight, "Life," XI, 110) for October 6, 1826 (nearly a year later than the letter of Dorothy Wordsworth from which I have just quoted), says: "Wordsworth showed me the field he has purchased, on which he means to build, should he be compelled to leave the Mount." But so far as I can discover, no definite references to the actual building of a house on this piece of land have been published. Knight ("Life," XI, 117 seq.) quotes a poem of Wordsworth's, inspired by regret at the proposed departure, and then dismisses the whole matter with the following statement: "The cause of the disagreement between the Wordsworths and the Flemings, which led the former to fear that they might have to leave the Mount, was too insignificant to search for, and certainly too slight to dwell upon. They did not leave their home."

It is not without interest, therefore, to find that the necessity of leaving was so seriously contemplated that two months after Dorothy Wordsworth's letter, quoted above, Wordsworth was arranging for an architect to come to Rydal Mount with a set of plans for a house on the new lot. The unpublished letter which gives this information I have acquired from an agent, who procured it at a recent auction in London without account of its history. The letter, octavo in size, written on two sides of a single sheet, is as follows:

Dear Sir,
I wish you to come over to Rydal for the benefit of your Plans & judgement in respect to the House I Design building there—I have particular reasons for wishing to see you as early in the ensuing week as possible—I shall not go from home; but pray let me know when I expect you; and bring as many plans as you think may be of use to me.—if it suits you to stay all night I have a bed at your service—

I remain dear Sir
Your humble Serv
Wm Wordsworth

Rydal Mount
Saturday 18th Feby
1826

Rydal Mount was so intimately associated with a great part of Wordsworth's life that material which makes more imminent the leaving of it is interesting and provocative of thought. Fancy the last twenty-five years of Wordsworth's life without the background and traditions of Rydal Mount!

ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

Bryn Mawr College, June 25

The Stamp of Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The intimidation, coercion, and shameful threats made in this community to force the sale of War Stamps are perhaps exceeded only in Russia under the worst circumstances. One wonders where our vaunted liberty of action has flown to, when confronted with the undeniable evidences of personal assault and rank lawlessness. It is small wonder that such lamentable expressions are heard as "It is time for American democracy to be made safe for the world," etc. That such actions, participated in by responsible and hitherto respectable persons, clearly lower the standard of citizenship is of course obvious.

H. T. K.

Grand Island, N. Y., July 2

A Negotiated Peace vs. a Lasting Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 6 you ask several questions as to the possibility of a peace conference, and in this week's issue you express disappointment that the President, in his Fourth of July address, gave no encouragement to the hope for negotiations for peace. Is it not probable that Mr. Wilson felt that when a people is engaged in a war such as the present it would be hardly appropriate to discuss or propose negotiations with the enemy until that enemy is thoroughly beaten? Indeed, if one specification of disloyalty is giving aid and comfort to the enemy, is it not coming dangerously near the line for a newspaper or a citizen to advocate a course which no doubt is exactly that which would be most acceptable to Germany?

I suppose I am one of the *Nation's* oldest subscribers, and it pains me to see the inconsistency of its present course. It has been steadfastly opposing "militarism," and yet it now advocates a policy which implies for every nation a more strenuous militarism than the world has ever known. For, imagine such a conference as you desire, with representatives of all the warring nations gathered around a table. (The presence of at least one of the neutrals would be necessary to start the conversation.) Let us suppose that Germany would agree to do justice by Belgium, France, and Servia; that all parties would reach a satisfactory arrangement about Poland and Russia, the Balkans and Turkey.

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Then would come the question of disarmament. With Ludendorff and Hindenburg listening behind the curtains, would Germany's representative dare to agree to this proposition, or if he did agree, would his acceptance be worth the breath with which it was spoken or the scrap of paper on which it might be written?

There is a peace term which we might well hold out to our enemy, the same which General Grant used—"Unconditional surrender." Then, with five million men, or, if necessary, ten million, to back up our offer, but only then, can we hope to obtain a lasting peace. R. FRANCIS WOOD

Philadelphia, July 13

Fluency First, or Accuracy?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There appeared in the *Nation* of January 31 a polite, derogatory review of "What is English?" by Mr. C. H. Ward, of the Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut, that calls insistently for rebuttal. The *laissez faire* attitude of the reviewer towards such prime essentials as punctuation, grammar, and spelling, an attitude found ruinously often among teachers of the English language in high schools and colleges, is fairly expressed in these sentences:

> Some of the difficulties against which Mr. Ward urges concentration of all available reserves may be more easily overcome by a flank attack or a series of well-planned raids. If a student, through the awakening of his mind by reading, or through other influences, can be induced to take an interest in expressing his own ideas, these minor essentials will easily and quickly be added to his equipment.

Mr. Ward is upon one side of the barricade; the reviewer on the other. One says, "Seek ye first fluency, and accuracy will be magically added unto you." The other says, "Be accurate, first of all, in order that fluency may be made manifest."

For four years, as instructor in composition in a Middle Western college for men, I have been leading bombing parties, flank attacks, and "well-planned raids" against intrenched *seperate*'s, *sophmore*'s, *alright*'s, dangling participles, common splices, and all the rest of the nefarious legions. And my conclusion is that the difficulties that the "mechanics" of English offer to high-school students as well as to freshmen in college can be overcome in no such manner, however well planned the raids or however numerous the grenades. What is needed most, most of all in high school, is a concentrated offensive in which all of one's reserves are actively engaged to defeat habits of slovenliness.

Experiments with different small sections of men, popularly known here as "hospital squads," compel me to assert that accuracy most indubitably breeds fluency of the right sort. The student who is brought to see the connotations of the comma and the semicolon shortly finds himself on an intellectual hunt for material that will permit of nice adjustments. In such a procedure there is the virtue, moreover, which careful attention to detail always brings to whatever activity of mind. No matter how intense one's appreciation of Chopin may be, one cannot interpret him without having mastered Czerny or some other writer of technical exercises in detail. That assertion is a platitude. Why should its truth be lost or misapplied when one is thinking about the teaching of English? What does it profit a student to "blurb" fluently if he cannot express himself accurately? Does not accuracy come first, logically?

May I offer a bit of good advice that was given to me by a successful teacher of composition?

(1.) At the beginning of the year (semester, term, course, or whatnot) dictate to the students or give them in pamphlet form those minimal rhetorical and mechanical requirements which you have sworn to enforce. Then make these requirements clear to your students, whatever the cost in time and energy. If each one of the common decencies of language takes an entire hour, spend it cheerfully; if a week, spend it ungrudgingly. Take nothing for granted. If you do, your most brilliant student will use a dangling participle or an isolated gerund some day, and you will discover that you have no common ground upon which to discuss the matter with him.

(2.) Devote at least two-thirds of the classroom periods at your disposal to an honest-to-goodness discussion of the principles of composition as they daily find illustration in the written work of your students. A half-hour of demonstration showing how the principle of coherence works for better paragraphs in the themes of struggling Fred Smith, who sits on the back row, is worth two hours of recitation and lecture upon the theory of the same principle.

(3.) After two months have passed, search diligently and with an honest heart among your own methods for the cause of certain students' non-progress or stupidity. Try yourself before you condemn the "flunker."

HAROLD W. HAWK

Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., July 5

Involuntary Hyphenation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time since I listened to the call of the Y. M. C. A. for men to engage in service overseas with our troops and decided to apply for such service, despite the very considerable personal sacrifice which this would entail on my wife as well as myself. I passed a perfect physical examination, my personal record was unimpeachable, the testimonials of friends and superiors were wholly satisfactory; yet I cannot be accepted. And why? I think most of your readers will be astonished at the reason.

On my father's side my ancestors have been in America since 1630, or thereabouts; my mother comes from the north of Ireland. But a few years ago I married me a wife who, born in Germany, came to this country at the mature age of seventeen months, and was legally naturalized in 1896 by the naturalization of her father. Now I am advised by the Y. M. C. A. that "where either one of the parents *or wife* of the applicant is born in enemy countries, it is impossible for us to secure passports."

It seems to me that this ruling of our Government is indefensible, for three reasons: (1) One of our our objects in the war with Germany is to affirm the rights of American citizens. (2) The Government hereby denies, as a voluntary service on the part of a loyal citizen, what it is demanding of thousands of (let us say) lukewarm citizens to whom the draft applies. (3) This ruling creates a sort of second-class citizenship which, I cannot but think, violates the spirit and perhaps even the letter of the Constitution. May not some of us justly feel that the undesirable condition of a hyphenate is being thrust upon us?

CITIZEN

Madison, Wis., July 9

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The Lime Mixer

By H. GORDON

HIS clothes and red face spattered all with white,
He stood beside the trough and with slow beat
Dashed with his hoe the water o'er and o'er,
And made a coolness in the summer heat.

I heard the wave long-breaking on the shore,
The dark pines crooning to the windy sky,
The waste of lonely waters, and aloft
The wheeling gull drop down his lonely cry.

Crickets on the Hearth

By O. W. FIRKINS

The Burglar of the Zodiac and Other Poems. By William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

The Great White Wall. By William Rose Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.

Merlin. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Wraiths and Realities. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

City Pastorals and Other Poems. By William Griffith. New York: James T. White & Company. $1.25 net.

The Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5 net.

Ballads Patriotic and Romantic. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.50.

Lyrics from a Library. By Clinton Scollard. Portland, Me.: Thomas Bird Mosher. $1.

The World and the Waters. By Edward F. Garesché. St. Louis, Mo.: The Queen's Work Press. $1.

From Dream to Dream. By Edith Willis Linn. New York: James T. White & Company. $1.25 net.

A Cycle of Sonnets. By Edith Willis Linn. New York: James T. White & Company. $1.25 net.

IS it Mr. Benét's fertility or my own barrenness that enables me to include two products of his pen in the same review? Mr. Benét far outspeeds his reviewer. Does he hope to make his pursuer speechless by making him breathless? Voice in a critic dies hard, and I have a gasp or two still left expressive of my amaze at the passage from the "Falconer of God" to the still more daringly headed "Burglar of the Zodiac." But why "Burglar of the Zodiac *and Other Poems*"? Does one write in one's diary: "An earthquake yesterday among other particulars"? For burglary in the skies Mr. Benét has an ancient precedent in the thief of fire from Heaven, who may well have instructed poets in the Promethean office of bringing men *fire* in a *reed*.

But, to leave persiflage, Mr. Benét has a diction of his own, a diction richly grotesque, reminding one of an aquarium in which Tyrian gold-fish and star-fishes and sea-anemones and sea-urchins outdare one another in hardihood of line and vividness of color. Again, he is of the old clan of the rhymers, of the tribe that rhymes, not slackly, not slinkingly, but eagerly and lustily, timing the joyous advent of the concurrent syllable with the most exhilarating punctuality. Now this pungency in diction and rhyme stands as outcome and symbol of two dominating properties in his temper. The first is a delight in things sensible, an almost Gallic lust of the eyes, happily defecated in Mr. Benét's case from that lust of the flesh which is its normal Gallic accompaniment. He craves images in a plenty that borders on riot; he loves them for their own sake, with a disinterestedness in which the first simplicities and last refinements of evolution seem to meet. He has a philosophy, no doubt; in our day a philosophy is as indispensable as a cravat; but for Mr. Benét both are decorative. His real creed is that the God who gave men eyes and ears is a pretty good fellow.

For Germanic races the pictorial is often the tame, but this penalty is obviated in Mr. Benét by the second dominating property in his temper, an athleticism and robustness of which the muscularity of his rhymes is a symptom. All is sport, gayety, and unconcern. Mr. Benét has been saved from the insipid by the mischievous. He might easily have been trivial; he is, in a really good sense, boyish; and it is boyishness that has rescued him from triviality. Observe the contrast in the "Quick-Lunch Counter":

> Clerks crunch a roll or two.
> Pimpled salesmen spread
> Raw mustard on their bread.
> Small tradesmen, with a bowl or two
> Of milk and crackers floating,
> Scan scare-heads black and gloating. . . .
>
> *Pellucid peacock-colored ripples*
> *The plangent sunlight strikes along*
> *To shallows where leaf-shadow stipples*
> *The idling, sidling silver ripples*
> *With dust of gold, as down the Tigris*
> *The caliph's boatmen send a song.*
> *I sip cool sherbets winy-clear*
> *And melting on the tongue like snow*
> *In gardens of the grand vizier*
> *Where your lute tinkled, long ago!*

On "The Great White Wall," the Asiatic narrative, I have extensive reservations. Its title, its ornamental and recurrent page-border, and its visual appeal prompt one to compare it, half playfully, to wall-paper. Now, wall-paper is a thing to be glanced at and glanced away from; its *perusal* is attended with obvious difficulties.

Mr. Robinson's "Merlin" has beset and perplexed me. It is a book redolent of power, yet not powerful. In this blank-verse narrative where action dissolves in dialogue or monologue, Mr. Robinson has sought to add picturesque and dramatic intellectuality to the great mediæval story in which romance for once becomes spiritualized, very much as in the Grail itself the wine, the fluid passion of the earth, becomes the blood of Christ, the nourishment of the spirit. With the picturesqueness Mr. Robinson has succeeded; with the drama he has not failed, but the intellectuality is only a streamer or banderole. Thought has not *visited* this poem; like Old Age in Holmes's allegory, it has only *left its card*. Again, the Camelot story seems ailing in Mr. Robinson's hands; everybody cowers and shivers in apathetic despair, and collapse replaces overthrow. Merlin has been shorn of his augustness with his beard. It is true that even in their abasement the characters retain the semblance of dignity like the oak in Broceliande, which kept its girth and its stature in spite of its corroded heart.

The book is shot with poetry, true poetry; in passages

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of sombre richness it resembles Tennyson and sometimes equals Tennyson. Indeed, Mr. Robinson's "darkness and wild light that fell together to make Vivian" is far ahead of the Victorian's "lovely baleful star, veil'd in gray vapour." Only Mr. Robinson is too fond of continuance; where Tennyson is content with the syringe, he applies the hose. I close with the remark that in this Arthurian theme the contrasts peculiar to Mr. Robinson in his modernities reappear, the union of frankness and evasion, of forthrightness and indirection, of the weird and the homespun, of ledger with what might be called in a good sense legerdemain.

Mr. Cale Young Rice writes on so many levels that the critic's estimate of him is never stationary. One's judgment is always on the stairs—or the landings. I can make out four phases (rather simultaneous than successive) in my own attitude. There is, first, the slight and scarcely warranted distrust awakened by his fecundity and ubiquity, his utilization of every spot of earth and every moment of time for the profit of his verse. Then comes the surprise of his varied aptness and quickness, the sparkle and glance of his invention, fancy, phrase, and thought. Third in time is a sense of a mediocrity of spirit underlying this fulness of intelligence, the feeling that, while the mass may be movingly said, the celebrant is *unordained*. Last of all, comes the perception, not very rare in criticism, but rare indeed as the fourth in such a series, that this disillusion is itself partly illusory, that sometimes, transcending his own limits, he shows us "realities" among the "wraiths." Here are two stanzas from one of the realities:

> I am dead and in my grave.
> Let me alone.
> The seeping of rains down thro' me,
> And the reaching of roots down after me,
> And the skimming of leaves above me, are enough.
> Let me alone.
>
> Would you rifle the grave, too?
> Go away.
> I have nothing left for your taking.
> My hair is not gold, but dust now.
> My eyes are not stars, but stillness.
> My flesh is not beauty aflame, but very cool.
> Let me alone.

That is drama; that is passion.

In all points of style, taste, and English, Mr. Rice becomes, not less capable perhaps, but less trustworthy; his charm is momentary or fragmentary; he cannot nurse, cannot rear, an effect. A partial exception to this law may be found in "Old Garth's Jess," in which Mr. Rice, distressed that the ordinary narrative poet should mangle a tale to enrich a poem, has himself incurred the opposite penalty of laying waste a poem to enliven a tale. The "Avengers," an imaginatively set "interlude," is wanting in cumulative force, though one can forgive lack of cumulative force or almost anything else to the poet who makes a starving child ask, "Will there be bread in Heaven? plenty of bread?" A dramatic "phantasy," the "Unborn," stands in need of fuller gestation.

Mr. Griffith's "City Pastorals" has an attractive plan. Three New Yorkers, Brown, Green, and Gray (I should like to call them Lilac, Mauve, and Violet), meet four times, in four seasons, at a club, where they discourse on life, art, and war, amid pipes and lyrics. The metre is a rare brand of a common species, quatrains in rhyming eights and sixes, reduced by Mr. Griffith's fine alchemy to the fluid and supple consistence of isinglass. For instance:

> Green. Hope dwells in this young land of ours!
> Gray. That groping out of darkness grew!
> Green. Her woods are wild with native flowers!
> Brown. In them are rosemary and rue.

This, in Mr. Benét's phrase, "melts on the tongue like snow." But Mr. Griffith, to secure the physical fluidity or cursiveness, has practiced a Meredithian concision and inversion which often serves as a hindrance or detention to the understanding. He is an engineer who tightens the brake while he opens the throttle. The philosophy, aerial at the best, seems still more impalpable through the mists of this indirect expression.

Mr. Griffith's subtlety is often a drawback in the lyrics which complete the volume. He is best where simplest, and his best is very good, though very fleeting. Compare these two forest touches:

> The forest heaves
> And sways with ecstasy to hear
> The eery laughter of the leaves.
>
> All the dark brooding forest is still,
> Save the aspen so shyly astir,
> *Or the hidden and hesitant rill.*

I think Mr. Griffith has tried without success in the present volume to give structural and intellectual solidity to a fine imaginative gift which limits itself, for the moment at least, to wafers and films of expression, the delicate shaving which foreruns the onward course of the plane.

The real and sound, if somewhat slender, poetical gift of the late Frank Dempster Sherman has received fitting and final embodiment from the taste of the Houghton Mifflin Company. The chords and themes are few. There is foliage and there are folios; the fancy passes cheerily from the leaf which the sunshine flecks to that other leaf on which the firelight dances. Mr. Sherman is best with nature and with Austin Dobsonry. His love-lyrics, which are of the lozenge and peppermint variety, attract me less. But the expression, especially in landscape themes, has an unobtrusive felicity. Observe the mutual attunement of the nouns in a series like "A rose, a star, a voice, a glance"; the imaginative compass of a phrase like "voices heard in dreams, Moving along the shadowed shore of sleep," or the virginal ardor of a passage such as this:

> Comes April, as at first she came,
> To hold her bare twig to her mouth
> And blow it into fragrant flame.

Mr. Sherman's gift was style; his disposition was gay and voluble, at least in verse; and I doubt if his disposition, so friendly to all other things, was always friendly to his gift. He fell short in one point of his brother and forerunner Herrick, who was content to write no more than he could write with unfaltering distinction. Mr. Sherman, never careless, is sometimes—tolerant. I hesitate to say that his fame will endure in an ungrateful world so eager to lighten its boat that it will even fling out its treasures.

It is very easy to review Mr. Clinton Scollard once, and it is rather hard to review him often. Like Horace's dawning sun, each forthcoming volume is "aliusque et idem," another and yet the same, and the critic who has not taken to himself Mr. Scollard's own power of combining sameness with grace, finds himself cut off both from truth in

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censure and from novelty in praise. The evenness of quality is in the main kept up; Mr. Scollard's gift has not been suffered to ooze away through the pores of his fertility; and criticism is unwilling to task itself with the re-statement of limitations on which nature has been from the outset perfectly definite. He is not quite at his best, I think, in the vague, though solacing, benignities of "Lyrics from a Library," but in one poem of his "Ballads Patriotic and Romantic" entitled "The Inn of the Five Chimneys," he has brightened his record and almost outdone himself.

Edward F. Garesché shows himself a poet in "To Rose in Heaven" and possibly in two or three other lyrics dispersed at wide intervals through an amiable and slatternly volume. He calls his book "The World and the Waters," and its rare successes recall the single olive leaf which the dove brought back to Noah.

Mrs. Linn's poetical work is very curious, as both product and problem. "From Dream to Dream" scarcely deserves mention in these columns. It presents a philosophy at once sugared and watered, a facile optimism and an obsequious benevolence; and it abounds in the type of error which one associates with florid and aromatic stationery. But her "Cycle of Sonnets" is at the same time an anomaly, a pleasure, an irritant, and an occasion for despair at the fallacy and irrelevance of symptoms. There are people who cannot spell "niece" who can spell "Nebuchadnezzar," and Mrs. Linn, to whom high-school English might be difficult, can write sonnets. Her technique is extraordinary; she has not only accuracy, but progression, climax, balance, and, strangest of all, that elasticity and flexibility which is the last tribute wrung from that unwilling form by the suzerainty of its acknowledged masters. But the change is not limited to style. On the mind itself the sonnet acts as purgative and tonic. I cite an example of that typical and admirable form of sonnet in which intellect amasses materials which it transfers at the end to the exchequer of feeling:

> Another day spent far from thee, dear heart!
> I used to count, as misers do their gold,
> The glinting mornings and the nights that hold
> Calm, starry wonder. The great world of art,
> The nature-world—bird-song and flowers that start
> Like spirit faces from the field and wold—
> These made my joy, and jealously I told
> Each moment off, loath with my wealth to part.
> Now I have grown a spendthrift, overbold
> And lavish of my days. "Hasten," I cry
> To morning and to night. Oh, let me be
> Beggared of days, so only I behold
> My feet approach the blessed place where I
> Shall find my rapture and my rest in thee!

Contributors to this Issue

FRANK ROSCOE, Secretary of the Teachers' Registration Council of England, and British representative at the conference of the National Education Association, was intimately associated with Herbert Fisher in preparing the English Education bill and insuring its passage.

FRANK PLACHY, JR., of the staff of the New York *Commercial*, is a graduate of the University of Minnesota who has intimate first-hand knowledge of the conditions surrounding the activities of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota and Minnesota.

FREDERICK M. SMITH, instructor in English in Cornell University, is a well-known essayist and litterateur.

BOOKS

A Great Judicial Magistrate

Lemuel Shaw: Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, 1830–1860. By Frederick Hathaway Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.

THERE is a story that when Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, made some passing reference to the short judicial tenure in Vermont, Judge Poland, of that State, interrupted him with the exclamation: "Short? It's longer than yours." And when pressed for an explanation, Poland replied: "Why! We are elected for a year; and you are appointed just during good behavior." But Shaw's good behavior lasted from 1830, when Governor Levi Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice, until 1860, when he resigned at the age of seventy-nine, less than a year before his death. His appointment to the bench came after twenty-five years of practice, during which he won recognition as one of the leaders of a bar which numbered among its members Choate, Webster, and Curtis.

Shaw seems to have been wanting in the forethought displayed by so many of his Boston contemporaries, which made the task of writing their biographies chiefly the mechanical one of transcription and condensation of voluminous notes, carefully prepared and preserved in their archives. Nor did his career lend itself readily to a biography of keen and wide interest. Mr. Chase recognizes to the full the handicaps under which he labors. He tells us that "the work of the biographer of a judge is largely completed when he has traced his life from the cradle to the bench," and that there is little more to be said of the years of the busy lawyer "than of the life of the busy merchant engrossed in forwarding profitable ventures." Shaw's life would hardly have been worth the writing but for his career on the bench; yet he was reluctant to accept the appointment, and seems to have been induced to do so largely by the insistence of Webster. But once having entered upon his judicial duties, he devoted to them unreservedly the full strength of his mind and character, and gave us the wealth of judicial opinions that make his service and his influence compare with those of Marshall.

This may not be the place to cite as evidence of Shaw's character his resolute enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law in the face of the violent criticism to which it subjected him. He had already held that slaves brought into Massachusetts voluntarily by their masters were entitled to their freedom, and had thereby won the plaudits of Sumner, Phillips, and Dana. But when dealing with the cases of runaway slaves apprehended in Massachusetts and held in custody for return to their masters, Shaw could not see his way to disregard the clear mandate of the Constitution that persons held to service or labor in one State escaping to another shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due. He could not avoid the performance of a plain duty by recourse to the stirring rhetoric of a judge to the north, who demanded "a bill of sale from God Almighty" as the only sufficient foundation for the claim of the master. After the decision in the Sims case, Dana called Shaw "a man of no courage or pride." But whether or not we would have commended Shaw for displacing the Constitution in favor of considerations of humanity, it is a travesty of language to attribute his re-

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fusal to lack of courage. It may be folly, but it is not cowardice, to decline to swerve from the path of plain duty in the face of violent popular pressure.

What made Shaw great on the intellectual side was not so much learning as wisdom. Tedious though many of his opinions are, they have a strength and poise that make them still a treasury for judges to borrow from. In their elaboration of illustration of the various circumstances to which the rule announced would apply or not apply, they show how zealously the Chief Justice tested his decisions by practical considerations. His classifications were not those of the conceptualist which spread a mist of unreality around the genuine issues in a case. Shaw's distinctions were based on differences of result. His slow and ponderous sentences contrast sharply with the rapier thrusts of Holmes, who later sat in his place. But the two men were alike in their appreciation that law is an accommodation and adjustment of conflicting interests, and not the mechanical application of some supernatural premise. Holmes said of his predecessor that "the strength of that great judge lay in accurate appreciation of the requirements of the community whose officer he was. . . . Few have lived who were his equals in their understanding of the grounds of public policy to which all laws must ultimately be referred." And Judge Curtis called him the "greatest *magistrate* which this country has produced."

Mr. Chase fails in large measure to make Shaw, the man, live before us. Somehow his pages make us feel as though we were in the presence of a great rock. Perhaps, after all, this is to give us the man, for strength of mind and of character were his overpowering attributes. Beside them, his dilatoriness, his not infrequent gruffness, his work in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention, his interest in Harvard College, his occasional public addresses, and his hours with his friends and his family seem but tiny facets which in no way affect the bulk and contour of the great stone. The biographer, however, leaves us in no doubt as to the impress which Shaw made upon the men of his time. Rufus Choate, standing before a portrait of Sir Matthew Hale, remarked: "A very great man, but not greater, I think, than the Chief." And few have received a finer tribute than the unconscious one paid by the janitor of the court house in Barnstable, Shaw's native town. One winter, when court was sitting there, Judge Merrick, one of Shaw's colleagues, slipped on the icy steps and broke some ribs. The janitor, who was tending him till a physician could arrive, remarked soothingly, groping about for words of comfort: "Well, Judge Merrick, how thankful you must be it wasn't the Chief Justice."

It is perhaps a vain speculation to wonder to what extent our courts to-day are manned by judges of such calibre. In most of our State tribunals the work of deciding cases seems often to be merely that of finding a precedent in point. In the rush of business, the judges can no longer devote themselves to the careful and elaborate analysis of competing considerations. They develop the law more by the authority of their office than by the authority of their powers of reason and judgment. Of all our judges to-day, Holmes seems to be the only one assured of immortality. Unlike Shaw as he is in many ways, he is his comrade in looking at the needs of the community whose officer he is, and in shaping the law that is not already crystallized so that it shall best meet those needs. Holmes may surpass Shaw in being more ready to melt some of the crystals.

What the Public Wants

Barbara Picks a Husband. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Amazing Interlude. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Unpardonable Sin. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A CURRENT book of chat about contemporary fiction by a college instructor in English is notable for its cheerful acceptance of conditions that have been wont to wrinkle the lofty brow of "academic" criticism. Not only does it cheerfully admit that "a fiction magazine lives to please and must please in order to live. The editor merely feels the public pulse"; it goes on to suggest that the story-teller's main business, if he means to be heard, is to feel the editor's pulse. He must give the editor what he wants, which, if the editor be worth his salt, is what the public wants. And of course the public in this connection means the movie public, the news-stand public, the public that makes the wheels go round for periodicals that have to harvest their readers in millions in order to feed the advertiser who lays the golden egg. Therefore, in the eloquent words of our instructor, the writer's task "will evidently be to harness his imagination to editorial requirements." The short story is especially in question; but the effects of the process recommended are equally clear in the quality of our popular magazine serials. Only one of the three novels before us at the moment had, so far as we know, a serial appearance, but they all conform to the code, in method if not in matter. One of the first rules appears to be not to bother the reader with sound characterization, dialogue, or action. All he wants is a slightly fresh twist in the manipulation of familiar types (familiar in fiction), situations, and incidents; with plenty of smart talk and, if possible, a punch at the end. The scene should be crowded, or the sense of the crowd kept always in the foreground. Fact or fancy, we move in a strap-hanger's dream of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the radial world of roads and roadhouses, embowered homestead, and week-end palace made available by gasolene for the titillating adventures of our leading lady (very modern) and her attendant hero and villain. How comfortably we recognize these, for all their pretence of being the latest thing! The ingénue remains herself, for all her cigarette, her daring speech and raiment, her frank knowledge of "the facts of life." And the pair of gentry who raffle for her are as pleasantly familiar, though the hero has lost something of his pomposity and the villain all of his moustache.

It is all here once more in "Barbara Picks a Husband." The style is by no means contemptible, it yields fine bits of description here and there: "Zinotchka Hallam drew the most diminutive of watches from the voluminous steel-gray folds of her dress. It was like drawing a glittering minnow from the ocean." The opening scene is good; for a moment one has a sense of being in for a bit of sound comedy. But that would be a mistake, according to the code. In what follows is small evidence that the writer has either bent or inclination for so serious a thing as comedy. Farce-melodrama with a strong sex slant is his chosen or predestined "line," that well-tested and immensely profitable line of Messrs. Chambers, Morris, and (too often) Hughes. Far less crudely that versatile performer, Mrs. Rinehart, makes

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her obeisance to "the public." Hers, in whichever of its many activities, is, for one thing, a clean pen; a bit vulgar now and then, but never provocative. "The Amazing Interlude" is a tale of sentiment in a war setting. She uses the three familiar figures, the ingénue, the worthy young man, and the fascinating adventurer. Her fresh twist is in not awarding her Sara Lee to the stodgy one. Very much the ingénue is Sara Lee at the outset, a quiet, unmarked member of an ordinary American household, mildly wooed by the practical Harvey, destined, it seems, to a life of acquiescence and moderate contentment. The war breaks in Europe—breaks very slowly upon little Sara's consciousness, reaching her finally through her maternal instinct. She begins to think—to wonder, for example, whether it is worth while to marry and have children while such things can happen: "There will always be wars, won't there?" Then comes the impulse to help, to go to Belgium and do what she may for the suffering sons of unknown mothers. Harvey does not understand this impulse, has no patience with it. He is the stolid hard-working ox, content with his own yoke and his own comfortable stall. But Sara goes, and contrives, against all presage, to found a sort of private canteen not far behind the fabulous Front. The little "house of mercy" and its mistress become famous in those parts. The war surges close, and there are narrow escapes for Sara and her charges. Always in the offing is the figure of a young Belgian officer known as Henri (who turns out to bear a title); he is that romantic figure in all wars—or all war-fiction—the super-spy, whose exploits are of the utmost peril, and who is perpetually tortured by doubts of his mission. Of course, he falls desperately in love with Sara. She cannot pretend to be indifferent to him; but both are restrained by her known betrothal to stodgy, home-staying Harvey, whom she has no intention of throwing over, and to whom at last she formally returns. Here comes the surprise (or shall we say punch?). For Sara, looking upon her Harvey and his little affairs in the light of her great experiences, finds that after all it will not do. So she turns back to Belgium and Henri and the uncertain future.

It is a far more difficult feat that Mr. Hughes attempts in "The Unpardonable Sin." We cannot doubt that he has meant to deal seriously with his parlous theme. But the result is none the less distressing. His problem is that of "The Outrage," by Annie Vivanti Chartres (reviewed in the *Nation* of June 1). What shall fate hold for the women upon whom war has set its most primitive seal, and for the nameless fruit of their agony? Mrs. Chartres succeeded in giving her tale a touch of tragic emotion and restraint. Mr. Hughes, with all his good intentions, is incapable of either. His hand has been too long subdued to what it worked in—the merchandise of popular appeal. Now he has approached a theme debarred, we suppose, by its unpleasantness from the magazine public, without being able to shake off the methods that have proved useful with that public. His lively, talkative manner, his diffuse readableness, his ingenious incident are totally incongruous with the grave business in hand. At some points he is inconceivably absurd—for instance, in the Rogers Brothers English he puts into the mouths of his high German officials. And his enterprise in spinning a pleasant traveller's romance out of the adventures of Dimny Parcot and her pursuing lover, alongside of the heart-rending story of her outraged mother and sister, is simply offensive. This, surely, is not what any public wants.

Latin Ideals

Europe's Fateful Hour. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2 net.

LIKE so many other scholars at present, the distinguished Italian historian of old Rome has written a volume about the war—several essays, of which this book is the English translation. They have to do with the underlying causes of the conflict, with certain problems which are perplexing thinkers at present, and especially with the Latin and the Teutonic genius in opposition and contrast. There are also two other portions deserving particular attention: "Ancient Rome and Modern Culture," in which the author, going rapidly over the course of Roman history in a summary written in masterly style, gives in brief statement his views of the subject; and "Italy's Foreign Policy," useful as containing an admirable account of the power and position of Giolitti before Italy entered the war. It need not be said that these pages contain a great many suggestive and stimulating things, in the manner which has brought the author a host of admirers and also much condemnation. The translation reads well, but almost every Latin quotation contains some error in spelling.

The most interesting portions of the book deal with the part of the Latins in civilization, and that which the Teutons have done or undone. Most of mediæval and modern civilization, Ferrero thinks, has come from the Latin genius. In the careers of peoples there have been two great impelling motives, "an ideal of perfection and an ideal of power." Perfection is the ideal of the Latins, and whenever it has been necessary to choose between quantity and quality, they have chosen to strive for the best rather than merely for numbers or bigness. Hence in recent times, when force, industrialism, power, and mere largeness seemed to have triumphed, the Latin peoples, and particularly France, the leader of them all, were falling farther and farther behind, partly because the existing conditions of success were not suited to their genius and partly because they were compelled nevertheless to imitate the methods of their rivals. It was in this same time of the immense refulgence of the ideal of power that Germany increased so greatly in the estimation of the world. But it was not real greatness which she attained, whatever may have been thought for the time, and the swift disillusionment and vast revulsion against Germany since the outbreak of the war are partly because the world now understands again what it was beginning to forget. The spirit of order, "the sense of the limits which a society ought not to overpass if it does not wish to see reason transform itself into folly," is also represented in history by the Latin rather than the Germanic genius. Again the difference may be seen in contrast between the great and the colossal, a difference both intellectual and moral. Striving for the great is effort by the mind of man to attain an ideal creation and to conquer an essential spiritual difficulty within. Attempting to attain the colossal is effort to triumph over matter, over exterior obstacles. The author quotes with approval the saying of another that the great is pure quality; the colossal, quality with a large admixture of quantity. Stern intellectual discipline and humility are absolutely essential for the creation of the great, and the ideal of perfection must be accepted as law. The colossal is one of the myriad forms of human vanity, readily understood by minds of coarser fibre.

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The great characterizes the periods of highest civilization; the colossal, eras of barbarism or decadence, and it is admired at the present time by barbarians all over the world.

Order has been banished in this crashing of nations, and we have reached a time when the generation which deified power and greatness is engaged in the destruction of what had been slowly attained. The author believes that if the Latin spirit had dominated recent times, this catastrophe might not have come; and such confidence as he has for the future is based upon belief that men will return to the Latin ideals of order and perfection and of striving to create in humility and justice things of real worth. To some extent, we believe, the world is attempting to do this; and it may be that here we have one explanation of the universal and unqualified admiration now given to France.

A University History

The Semi-Centennial History of the University of Illinois. Volume I. The Movement for Industrial Education and the Establishment of the University, 1840–1870. By Burt E. Powell. With introduction by Edmund J. James. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. $2.

THOSE who take up the initial volume of this history will entertain weighty expectations. It is heavy in every sense of the word. In the preface the author assures the reader that he has striven for completeness of detail even at the risk of being tiresome. He has fulfilled his promise. The volume is both complete and tiresome. Nearly one-half of the contents consists of documentary material, and the history proper is loaded with quotations, either from these same documents or from newspapers and letters, put together like beads on a string. This is the favorite method of writing doctoral dissertations, it is true, but the sons and daughters of the University of Illinois had a right to expect its story to be told with some degree of literary skill.

There is abundant material in this volume for a worthy history of the founding of the University. Even the literary helplessness of the University historian cannot obscure the figure of Jonathan B. Turner, whose labors as an educational reformer were of national importance. The most interesting document in the collection is Turner's pamphlet on "Industrial Universities for the People" published in 1853 and containing a reprint of an earlier pamphlet on "A Plan for an Industrial University for the State of Illinois." Turner was a virile personality, despite his fragile health. A graduate of Yale College at a time when the classics were still enthroned, he soon came to personify that spirit of revolt against the orthodox classical curriculum which motived the movement for industrial education. He was the pioneer of the movement in the Middle West, and he was not without influence in the older East. The land grant act finally signed by President Lincoln was the outcome of ten years of indefatigable labor by Turner and his associates.

It is one of the ironies of our educational history that these land-grant universities, founded by way of protest against the traditional classical education, made provision almost at once for the study of ancient languages and literature. The first requirements for admission to the Illinois Industrial University in 1868 included "a knowledge of Latin sufficient to enable a student to construe any passage in Cicero's Orations or Vergil's Georgics and Æneid." Of the seventy-two students who first enrolled not more than one-third proposed to take the course in agriculture. The first regent was a graduate of Union College, who had the temerity to advise every student to take Latin as one of his basic studies; and of the two professors first appointed one was expected to teach Latin and Greek or French, and the other the social sciences. The older leaders viewed this attempt to make Latin and Greek "cornerstones of the new structure" with undisguised alarm, but their fears proved to be unfounded. Two years later, when a visiting committee, representing various agricultural and mechanical societies, visited the University, they found 194 men and 14 women in attendance, of whom only a score were studying Latin and none Greek, "which," adds the University historian, "was precisely the number the committee was pleased to find pursuing that ancient and time-honored means of culture."

Notes

THE National Board for Historical Service has prepared a brief statement of its work covering the period from February 13, the date of its last report, to July 1. From the statement it appears that, in addition to assisting Colonel House's committee in the preparation of material for the use of the United States in peace negotiations, the Board has drawn up a report on the diplomatic history of Europe, Asia, and Africa since 1870—a task which we are not surprised to learn is still in process of completion—and another on "Governments Less than Sovereign." The Board has also financed, mainly by the aid of contributions from persons in New York, the recent visit of Professor A. C. McLaughlin and Mr. Charles Moore to Great Britain. The list of other activities includes the furnishing of material relating to the war to the *History Teachers Magazine*, cooperation with the Bureau of Education and the Educational Committee of the War Department, and the provision of lectures on the war and its historical background for summer schools. The lectures on Canadian history and institutions recently given by Professor George M. Wrong, of the University of Toronto, at Harvard, Michigan, and five other American universities, appear to have been arranged for by the Board, although the fact is not expressly stated.

MR. CHESTERTON is one of the few popular writers of our time who do not in the same breath adjure us to hate "the German idea" with all our hearts and to imitate it with all our might. The German idea as he interprets it is the creation, by whatever means, of a state in which no common man can call body, mind, or soul his own. In his "Utopia of Usurers" (Boni & Liveright; $1.25 net) he maintains that Germany has with superlative thoroughness established such a servile state through the power of an all-efficient Government. But in England likewise, he asserts, such a state is rapidly coming into being through the influence of German legislative example and the power of capitalists with the Teutonic talent for subjugation. The aspect of subjugation that peculiarly excites his ire is that capitalistic drive for larger returns from labor, which is conducted under the mask and smoke of humanitarian reforms. For example, he takes the seamstress who does not seem to thrive on twopence a day—"So little, perhaps, does she thrive on it that the employer has even some difficulty

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in thriving on her." Now the new style of "philanthropic" employer, he contends, does not raise her wages to sixpence. He regulates and gets the Government to help him regulate the way in which the seamstress shall spend her twopence, so that without adding anything to her stipend he has added to her earning power, and she has "the holy satisfaction of being worth more without being paid more." In the old days the English workingman may have been intemperate, dirty, and ignorant; but his soul was his own. In the imminent Utopia of Usurers the English workingman may be sober, clean, and intelligent; but his body and soul will belong to his master. What difference to him whether his master is the Government or the capitalists who govern the Government? In the present juncture, accordingly, declares Mr. Chesterton, the chief aim of all honest Socialists is to prevent the coming of Socialism. As for himself, he finds the old party labels—Liberal, Tory, Democrat, Radical, etc.—no longer applicable. He wants to make a party against the New Servitude. He wants a party for the preservation of plain men who enjoy standing on their own feet, with all the privileges and responsibilities attendant upon the assumption of that antique attitude. It might be called the Freedmen's League.

BY way of continuing his "Introduction to the Middle Ages" and his "Mediæval Europe," Professor Emerton has written a useful volume on "The Beginnings of Modern Europe" (Ginn; $1.80). As his earliest type of a ruler who foreshadows modern times, he gives an interesting description of the bureaucratic administration of Frederick II of Sicily, with his standing army, permanent naval force, religious toleration, and representative parliaments. He might advantageously have added a word on the beginnings of modern Italian literature, which had such a remarkable though ephemeral existence at Frederick's court at Palermo. After showing how Frederick II was far in advance of his age, Professor Emerton discusses in turn the New Empire which grew up under the Hapsburgs and the Seven Electors, the New Papacy which followed the fiasco of Boniface VIII, and the New Middle Class which found expression in the rise of the Swiss, the Hanseatic League, and the Italian Republics. English history is wisely omitted for the most part. Some account of the artistic side of the Renaissance might well have been used to illustrate the emancipation of the individual from the formulas of the Middle Ages. In this last volume of his trilogy Professor Emerton has combined, on the one hand, the admirable simplicity and freshness of presentation, due to close contact with the original authorities, which have made his "Introduction" so popular, and, on the other hand, the maturity of thought and interpretation of large movements which have made his "Mediæval Europe" so useful.

THE possibilities for political good in an independent Jewish Palestine that might act as a mediator between an insistent East and a war-tired Europe are shown in A. A. Berle's "The World Significance of a Jewish State" (Mitchell Kennerley). Although the essay is full of generalizations, Mr. Berle's suggestive use of the future tense and the charm of his utopian subject-matter surprise the reader into enthusiasm.

AN addition to the mass of writings on things Russian is Charles Rivet's "The Last of the Romanofs," translated by Hardress O'Grady (Dutton; $3 net). Written in a breezy, journalistic style, the book is pleasant reading even in its English dress, but it delivers no new message. It is composed partly of personal and occasionally scandalous gossip, most of it already current, and partly of recent political history whose main facts are well known. M. Rivet is inclined to acquit the Emperor of pro-Germanism if only on the ground that "the Tsar, vindictive as all weak men are, could not forgive the insulting language used by the Kaiser about him, from the Potsdam balcony, at the outbreak of the war." He seems also disposed to deal more leniently with the Empress than most recent writers. M. Rivet wrote in the first days of the Revolution, when all the world had high hopes of a peaceful transition to an orderly Russian democracy. These hopes have not been verified, and as a prophet our author is not much luckier than those who, on the eve of the Ides of March, prophesied the endurance of the Imperial régime.

AN American professor passing along one of those streets in Paris near the Church of St. Sulpice where there are many bookshops with devotional literature in the windows —a last remainder of the old Sulpicians—once noted in the window of a certain shop two books side by side; one bore some such title as "The Harmony of Modern Religion and Science," the other was devoted to proving the irreconcilable conflict between true religion and the heresies of modern science. Both had emanated from the cloistral seclusion of clerical seminaries, and both ended with a satisfactory vindication of the orthodox creed. A large manual on "The Christian Religion in its Doctrinal Expression," by Dr. Edgar Young Mullins (Philadelphia: Roger Williams Press; $2.50 net), might readily fall into either of the two categories of the books in the show window near St. Sulpice. It effectively demonstrates the truth of the Christian religion as taught in the cloistral seclusion of a Baptist seminary, dismissing the heresies of those affected by the discoveries of physical science in the same debonair fashion, and it proceeds to ignore the implications of the study of comparative religion as aside the mark. Phrases like "the psychology of religion" are strewn along the pathway, but the apologist never gets seriously distracted from his task of defending an orthodox creed. A distinguished ecclesiastic once replied to the doubts of a young college student with reference to the historical fact of Peter's visit to Rome by the statement that this was a matter for dogmatic handling, and that although the sources happen to justify our historical acceptance of the fact, we should have to accept it on faith had there been no adequate documentary evidence. The traditions of the church and its very existence were lasting proof of Peter's visit. Dr. Mullins feels the same way about the Baptist Church.

IT would be difficult to find a more entertaining or instructive account of some of the present conditions in the country parishes of England than is given by the Rev. G. Monroe Royce in his "Note Book of an American Parson in England" (Putnam; $2 net). For six years he took duty in them as *locum tenens*, or "guinea pig," a rather undignified title commonly given there because a guinea is the fee for each service. This unusual experience brought him into close contact with many country vicars and their parishioners, and one is enabled to see clearly some of the serious problems that are confronting the Church of England.

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Though there are some unfavorable references to idle holders of rich benefices, the author says: "I believe there is no finer class of men in the world than the English clergy." One is attracted to the simple-minded village people from the kindly way in which he was treated by them. The pleasant side of their narrow lives is pictured in the account of village cricket and other sports.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS H. CAMPBELL'S treatise on certain cryptogams, "The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns" (Macmillan; $4.50 net), has now reached a third edition. The first edition received its first revision in 1905, and was then brought up to date. The present edition has gathered the important new facts in an appendix, a measure which may be justified by war conditions. To incorporate the new material in the existing pages would have necessitated an entire reconstruction of the volume, a proceeding which would involve great additional expense at this time. Of course, this novel method of revising a volume by presenting the changes in an appendix will not make the work so convenient as it would have been if reconstructed, but botanists will be glad to welcome Professor Campbell's views even in this form. In a review in this journal of the earlier edition, attention was called to the excellence of the treatise, which is both clear and thorough.

IF Mark Twain were here to interpret the war to the country at large, he would probably do it much as Mr. William Allen White has written "for the eternal Wichita and Emporia in the American heart." "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" (Macmillan; $1.50) is what a foreigner would call very American, and of its rich humor and downrightness and simplicity we may well be glad. Mr. White never forgets that he is seeing the war with the eyes of Emporia, and describing it in the words of Wichita. Mr. White and Mr. Allen started off, two middle-aged men going off to a ruthless war without their wives, to follow up the work of the Red Cross, and to interpret war conditions in France to our people, in home terms.

> Around a bend in the road we came upon America full-sized and blood raw—a farmer boy—bronzed, milk-eyed, good-natured, with the Middle West written all over him. He wore a service hat at forward pitch over his eyes; in his hands, conched to tremolo the sound, he held an harmonica; his eyes were aslit in the ecstasy of his own music; from the crook of his arm dangled a bridle, and he sat cross-legged high up on the quarterdeck of a great four-story, full-rigged Missouri mule. He didn't salute us, but called "Hi!" as we passed, and then we knew that "our flag was still there" and that we were near our troops.

Mr. White, by a skilful blending of genial humor, sympathy, and vivid sketching of detail, has succeeded to a remarkable degree in setting before the Middle West the contrast between what the American boy is facing overseas and what he has left behind. Newspapers, magazines, and war books in general have not brought home to the waiting families this everyday actuality. While thus affording a securer sense of understanding to those of us who remain here, Mr. White brings a new zest to those starting for France, and achieves this without any appeal to hate. After the war is over this book will be read again as one re-reads "Innocents Abroad." Not only Wichita and Emporia will rejoice in the affair of the uniforms and the insertion of the "pie-shaped slice."

Ships that Fade Away

By CHARLES DE KAY

OF all the old gods of the Mediterranean it was Proteus who was accounted the most slippery, for he could turn himself into the greatest variety of shapes. That seems to have been the fashion among the submarine *élite*, for we see Thetis changing from one form to another when trying to escape the arms of amorous Peleus.

All over the ocean are vessels whose endeavor it is to emulate the exploits of these watery gods and fade away from the sight of the enemy, leaving not a wrack behind. Our ports are full of strange monsters such as the naval architects of the past never envisaged in their wildest dreams. We stare at them in wonder, and find it hard to believe that such variegated hulls can succeed in concealing themselves from sharp eyes in conning towers. And yet, even when lying at anchor in smooth water, some of the ships treated to weirdly curving and abrupt decorations do answer to the claim that these variations in color-masses really are well calculated to deceive the sight.

It may well be that a comparatively small boat, sitting low in the waves, when painted in long blue or green masses that end in white, will actually disappear among the leap and flashing of whitecaps and the surge of distant waves. But how about the tall, the upstanding ship? That is another problem. It is partially met, not by treating the hull for the vanishing act in imitation of the chameleon or the luna moth, the walking-stick insect, or the West Indian fish, the grouper, but for the puzzle play. The object of this camouflage is to get the enemy gunner groggy as to distance and direction, so that he will be unable to tell how far away the vessel is and what course it is holding, and so lead him to aim short or overshoot the mark.

Thus one meets in our harbors certain transports that seem at least one-quarter shorter in length than they really are, because of deceptive colors applied to the hull and smoke stacks and masts, such, for instance, as a wave of white that rises from amidships and sweeping fore and aft finishes long before the bow and stern are reached. At a

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distance a solid hull of another and smaller vessel appears between these lifting sweeps, so that the chances are good that the enemy would mistake the size of the craft and the distance, and thus the hostile shells or torpedoes might fly beyond or short of the target. On the other hand, a collier, long and full of masts and hoisting cranes, is so treated that from a mile or more away it appears half as long again as it really is; wherefore in this case the gunner would aim at a point far short of the objective.

That this kind of cubist painting on a colossal scale should have proved useful in the world war is only one example more of the fact—that you can never tell! What could be duller, more trivial and tiresome—one is tempted to say imbecile—than the pictures so-called of the cubists, with their broken lines, ugly corners, wretched colors, and long-winded explanations that signify nothing? Yet some of their extravagances can be made use of, it seems, in such marine and moving deceits. If indeed it cannot be said that the practitioners of *cubisterie* have suffered a sea change into something rich and strange, at any rate they have found some place to stand upon.

Part at least of the credit for the effective camouflage of ships is due to Abbott H. Thayer, painter of ideal figures in a far from cubistic style, who, many years ago, took to observing not only the mimicry of their surroundings by animals and insects, but the concealment that is of benefit to game birds, concealment resulting from differences in coloring between their backs and breasts. He studied birds alighted and resting, and on the wing, wrote a book on the subject, and gave lectures and addresses. Now his hobby comes in good stead in order to lend suggestions for the camouflage of mighty ships.

As old as the hills—for when the fighters on the snowfields of *Italia Irredenta* clothe themselves in white sheets, they are only repeating a trick of the chamois hunter—the deceits practiced by hunters of men are mere variants on the ancient game of the chase, the game that has coined the term "stalking horse," for instance. And so it is not merely the freighter and transport that make Merry Andrews of themselves to escape detection or at least to bother the foe's artillery. It is also the submarine and the destroyer that take on the robe of motley in order to sneak upon their prey. With these low-lying craft the problem is much simpler. On land, also, the camoufleur is busy, close behind the battle lines, arranging scenery to baffle the observers in blimp and airplane and so deflect the shells from danger spots to those where nothing stirs. Our men at the front have the services of many artists, and already has the camouflage corps sustained losses in killed and wounded. Sergeant Everett Herter, mural painter, eldest son of two mural painters, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter, of New York, has joined the choir of Americans who have given their lives as well as their talents to their country. His name stands first on the roll of honor of the corps.

It is only natural that the actor's stage, with its peculiar lighting, scenery, and distance from the spectator, should provide the germ now expanded into methods of visual deception oceanwide. Greek actors were "hypocrites" because they played the parts of persons other than themselves. The germ is the actor's make-up. Natural, too, that the word we use, *camouflage*, comes from the theatre, a bit of French *argot* identical with the Italian *camuffáre*, meaning to conceal the face or mask oneself, as when Coquelin builds him up a nose of eminence to meet the requirements of Rostand's play, or when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, past mistress of camouflage, shakes from her fair shoulders a few score years in order to appear as a beautiful young heroine.

Camouflage is a favorite trick in the stories of Druidic art in Ireland and Wales and in many a mediæval tale, as, for example, how a fairy queen makes herself up as a crone most horrible to behold in order to test the characters of princes, generally three or five brothers. He among them gets the crown who for the sake of his brothers or his people submits to the embrace of the monstrous woman and gains at once a lovely wife and a kingdom. Thus in the Book of Lecan:

> "Lughaid Laidhe shall be thy name," said the hag. After this it appeared to him that the light of her countenance was as the sun rising in the month of May and the fragrance of her was as the smell of a flower garden. And she said: "Good is thy journey, for I am the sovereignty, and thou shalt obtain Eiré, or one descended from thee shall."
>
> As the fire darkened
> She passed into another wonderful form,
> She assumed a form of wondrous beauty;
> Ruddy were her cheeks and round her breasts.
>
> Her eyes were thus:
> They were not such as to cloud her face;
> Three sunbeams in each of them shone,
> Whatever she looked on grew bright.

Hitherto the radical meaning of "camouflage" seems to have been missed by those who have sought to explain it as a new term and one foreign to French dictionaries. Though we have Italian *camuffáre*, it is no ancient Italian word, but one that is purely Keltic. It has lived a retired

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fe as part of the slang of the theatre. Its root is *cam*, ieaning in Welsh crooked, wry, and wrong, and in Irish eceit, injustice. In Irish *camóg* means falsehood and *amógach* a liar, sophister. In English during Elizabethan imes they sometimes used the word *camooch*, with the ouble meaning of crooked and deceitful, having taken it ver from the Gaelic. Probably Italy got "camouflage" hrough strolling players from France in the verb form *amoufler*, to change the face, whence *camuffáre*, to mask. n all likelihood it came out of Brittany and never rose into literary life in the French language, but had an obscure existence on the boards as a useful bit of professional slang.

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Summary of the News

THE German offensive, begun on July 15 between Château-Thierry and Massiges, after a slight initial success, has been completely checked; and a counter-offensive launched between Soissons and Château-Thierry by Gen. Foch on Thursday, July 18, with French and American troops, has at this writing been so successful that the Germans have withdrawn to the northern bank of the Marne, have evacuated Château-Thierry, and are still retreating toward the Vesle. On July 16 the enemy advanced southwest of Rheims to St. Agnan and La Chapelle in an effort to reach Epernay quickly, where they were attacked in force by French and American troops and checked. On July 17 the German advance east of Rheims was stopped, although the enemy gained southwest of Rheims and along the Marne. On July 18, in a brilliant counter-attack on a twenty-eight mile front between the Aisne and the Marne, the French and Americans advanced six and a half miles in the region south of Soissons, recaptured more than twenty villages, and captured 4,000 prisoners. On July 19 the Franco-American forces, in the face of heavy resistance, advanced their line between the Aisne and the Marne nearly two miles at some points, and the enemy were forced to rush up reserves from the south to keep Soissons in their hands. The immediate purpose of Gen. Foch's thrust to relieve the pressure on the western side of the Rheims salient and south of the Marne had thus been achieved, and the menace to Rheims had been relieved. By July 20 the German offensive had been broken, and the complete collapse of operations south of the Marne necessitated the withdrawal of the enemy forces to the north bank of the river. On July 21 French and American forces pushed on three miles on the west side of the Marne salient, and Château-Thierry was taken. The number of prisoners taken is unofficially reported to be 20,000.

THE situation of the German forces between Soissons and Vrigny is highly critical, since the Allies have broken through the western side of the salient far enough to impair communication between its north-and-south lines, and have cut the Soissons-Château-Thierry Railroad at several points. The battle in the Aisne-Marne salient is reaching its decisive stage, and hard fighting is going on, with heavy losses indicated on both sides. At present the Germans have nothing to show for their latest offensive except a gain of territory between the Marne and Rheims, offset by the ground regained by the French between the Marne and the Aisne.

ON the Italian front the Italians have wrested from the Austrians Monte Stabel, west of the Trentino, and have reoccupied Corno di Cavento, held by the Austrians since June 15. In Albania slight progress has been made north of the Devoli River, and skirmishes and reconnoitring attacks have been carried on continuously.

FIGHTING has been resumed in the region east of the Jordan in Palestine, between Gen. Allenby's British forces and the Turks. On July 13 and 14 the Turks attacked the British, provoking a counter-attack which was supported by armored cars and a cavalry division. The Turks claim that this division was almost annihilated, while a Reuter report says that the Turks failed to gain any ground and lost many prisoners.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, ex-Czar of Russia, was shot to death on July 16, according to a Russian wireless announcement. Apparently a counter-revolutionary conspiracy with the object of freeing the ex-Emperor from the authority of the Soviet Council, had been discovered, and this fact, together with the approach of Czecho-Slovak bands, determined the Ural Regional Council to order the execution of the former ruler of All the Russias at Yekaterinburg. The wife and son of the late Emperor are reported to be in a place of security. Nicholas ruled as Autocrat of All the Russias from November 1, 1894, until March 15, 1917, when the Russian Revolution put an end to autocracy.

JAPAN, through its Diplomatic Council, has agreed to the American proposal for joint intervention by Japan and the United States in Siberia, according to a Central News dispatch from Tokio dated July 17. Russia will be assured that the Entente has no aggressive designs in intervening in Siberia, and it is planned that a relief expedition shall accompany the joint expedition. This plan provides that the troops sent shall occupy Vladivostok and secure it as a base, thus aiding the Czecho-Slovak military operations there. Although President Wilson has not yet issued any announcement of the coöperation of the United States with Japan for military action in Siberia, it appears that the American force of occupation is ready, and that the programme will be initiated soon. A commission of American civilians, distinct from the military force, is also to be sent, it is understood, for the purpose of making an agreement for the industrial and agricultural upbuilding of Russia.

MEANWHILE the Czecho-Slovak situation in Siberia is still doubtful and a subject of conflicting rumors. Forty thousand Czecho-Slovaks are reported to hold the Trans-Siberian Railroad between Samara and Irkutsk, with detachments holding certain places along this line. Details are not available to show whether these forces have overthrown the Bolsheviki. Of the 14,000 Czechs who reached Vladivostok, 12,000 are engaged in active military operations against the Bolsheviki. The Czecho-Slovaks are not supporting the self-styled Siberian Government, nor any other Russian faction at present.

THE Murman region is still disputed territory. Rear-Admiral Kemp, of the British navy, has proclaimed the occupation of the northern section of the Murman Railroad by British, American, French, and Servian forces, and has announced that these forces would march southward "in accord with the local Soviet authorities and at the request of the local population for help." The British are reported to be making Kem a strongly fortified place, the garrison of which is being supplied with provisions and supplies from England.

CHOLERA in epidemic form seems to be threatening other cities of Russia than Petrograd. In that capital 250 victims were reported in one day on July 17, while unofficial accounts report that as many as 500 persons have died in a day. In Moscow hundreds of cases have been reported. The disease has now spread to Finland and Sweden, where eight persons are reported to have been stricken in Stockholm.

ANOTHER indirect approach to peace was made by Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in addressing the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers on the eve of the meeting of the Reichsrat on July 16, in a detailed discussion of President Wilson's Fourth of July address. In approving "to a great extent" "the four new points of July 4," Baron Burian declared that "we are ever ready" to begin peace negotiations and "are prepared to discuss everything except our own territory." He declared that the Allies' demands regarding Alsace-Lorraine, Trieste, the Trentino, and the German colonies appeared insurmountable, and that territorial aims are now the only things separating the different belligerent groups He insisted, further, that the Entente in attacking the inner structure of the Dual Monarchy are using "an offensive of irritation," and that the internal political and racial problems of Austria-Hungary must be settled as domestic problems, without foreign interference, just as the Allies had domestic problems of their own in which no outside Power wished to interfere.

THE Austrian Cabinet has resigned, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen on July 22, and Emperor Charles has accepted the resignation of the Ministers. Dissatisfaction with the political Government of Austria has become widespread, and the Socialist Party Deputies are preparing a scheme for radical reform of the constitution of the monarchy, proposing a parliamentary measure which will provide for the election of a Parliamentary Commission to frame a new Constitution for the Empire. According to this plan, Austria would be converted into a federal state on a democratic basis, with all nationalities completely autonomous.

POOLING of the food supplies of the Allies is a measure now under discussion in London, where Food Controller Hoover, of the United States, is conferring with the Food Ministries of the Allies, in an endeavor to determine requirements and unify distribution among all the members of the Entente. According to Mr. Hoover's report for the year ending June 30, the United States sent food valued at $1,400,000,000 to the Allied countries during that time, including shipments to Allied armies and civil population, Belgian Relief, Red Cross, and American military forces.

THE week of July 16-22 has been singularly unfortunate for three great ships. The Japanese battleship Kawachi, of 21,420 tons, blew up and sank in Tokoyama Bay with a loss of 500 lives. On July 19 the United States armored cruiser San Diego, of 13,680 tons, was blown up and sunk south of Fire Island, with a loss of between fifty and sixty lives. The former Cunarder Carpathia, later used as a British transport, of 13,603 tons, was sunk by a German submarine off the Irish coast late in July. It was the Carpathia that saved most of the survivors of the Titanic in April, 1912, when that vessel struck an iceberg and was sunk.

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